

THE

# WAR



# CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

16th Year, No. 47.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commandant.

Price, 5 Cents.



"ISHMAEL, . . . a wild man; his . . . hand against every man, and every man's hand against him."

(See article on p. 4.)



## INDIA RELIEF BANK.

What We are Doing to Help the Famine  
People After the Monsoons Come.

By MAJOR NIRBHITA.

The existing relief operations for the feeding of the starving people, which are on a large scale, would only prolong the sufferings of the people, were it not that steps are also taken to supply them with the necessary means to enable them to cultivate their fields.

All our people go in for cultivation in the monsoons, but the famine having drained them of their resources, will leave their fields uncultivated, not for the want of rain, but for the want of the means to get the land under cultivation. To meet this the Army has now opened in twenty-eight of the most distressed villages Industrial Relief Banks, and 750 families have already advanced small sums of money. This will guarantee the cultivation of their fields at the least, the proceeds of which will keep them going till the next season. We need not say that this has been very much appreciated. Hundreds have lost their ploughs, cattle, and buffaloes, and the advance received from the Army will help them through this difficulty. It is estimated that in Gujarat alone 1,300,000 head of cattle have died.

What Our Army Banks Do.

The Relief Banks here just step in to their aid. The sums advanced may not seem very large, but are sufficient to help the people through. For example, "A" took a loan of fifteen rupees to purchase a bullock. He would not get a very good one but would get a bullock sufficiently good to do his ploughing for this season.

Then, again, another family is in need of both a bullock and a plough. They have a small bull but are not in a position to purchase the plough. A few rupees from a Relief Bank so as to enable them to hire a bullock and plough from another cultivator, and sow their fields with a later crop.

In the Panah Mahals, where the distress has been the greatest, the Relief Banks have come as a boon to our poor Bill soldiers, who seem to have fared the hardest. The loans from the Relief Banks will ensure them their makul (makul is the lentil, then their makul) given to the least, as they are not allowed to be rich in such stuffs. Several, after receiving their advances, started off immediately with lightened hearts some eighty miles, where cheap bullocks were to be had.

Unscrupulous Snytocks.

The greatest blessing from these Banks has been to save people from the hands of the money-lenders. This degraded set of human blood-suckers generally advance seed by right, and in harvest time take double the amount. They are also in person to demand it, and before the cultivators taste the fruit of their labors, the bania make sure of their share. But this will not be the case this year. The Army has taken in hand the interests of the distressed people, and there are no fears now of their having to borrow at fifty per cent. or fifty.

What better way to invest £50 or £100 than this of inspiring those poor cultivators to rally after the terrible blow dealt them by a famine which parallel in the memory of man?

Cast Out.

Heaven-born revivals provoke battle-born opposition. There are battle-borne where the armies of the skies have those of the pit, whose hatred is inflamed beyond expression. Hence there are genuine revivals which provoke opposition from carnal men and from devils. At the present time, when the Prince of Peace is being allowed so great latitude, this opposition is sometimes successful in bitterly persecuting the people of God.

In its leadership in all ages Satan has seemed to have a special preference for nominal professors of religion, who are usually the bitterest opposers of Holy Ghost revivals. Even Paul, the greatest revival preacher of the early church, with all his graces and gifts of wisdom and faith, and of wonder-working power, was not exempt. "But the Jews urged on the devout women of honorable estate, and the chief men of the city, and stirred up a persecution against Paul and Barnabas, and cast them out of their in-laws." (Acts xiii. 50.)

When passing through Paul's persecutions we can claim Paul's victory, and rejoice and be exceedingly glad. "But they shook off the dust of their feet against them and came into Iconium. And the disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost." (Acts xiii. 51-52)—The Revivalist.

Wanted an Escort.

A lady, in liquor, called at a New South Wales Maternity Home, and wanted an officer to see her along.

"Why?" asked the officer.

"Because I am a respectable lady."

She had a four-months-old baby in her arms, and was afraid of falling with it. Taking it from her arms the officer found the woman had a baz huddled up, which she said contained sugar, but which, on inspection, turned out to hold three bottles of beer. This was promptly emptied down the gutter. Next day she was very grateful for the double favor.

## Heroes of the Cross.

III.—David Brainerd and the Indians.

E. PAYSON HAMMOND.

At a recent meeting, in Hartford, Conn., Mr. Hammond related the following remarkable answer to prayer. We give it as reported in one of the papers of that city.

He said that David Brainerd in the early New England days resolved to carry the Gospel to a savage tribe of Indians in the forest fastnesses. His friends declared they should never see him alive again. He carried a little tent, under which he slept. One day, as he was traveling, he approached the principal village of the tribe, but tarried for a while, that he might plead with God for His blessing on his attempt to benefit those savage Indians.

He supposed that no eye but God's rested upon him; but some Indian hunters had watched him as he pitched his tent, and then, hastening to the village, had told the chief of the approaching white man. A council was held, and it was decided that he must be killed and scalped.

A party of Indians hid in a sheltered place, and waited for the missionary to come out, but Brainerd continued long in prayer. Becoming impatient they drew nearer, and cautiously peering through the opening, they saw him on his knees. They thought he was talking with someone. Just then a great rattlesnake suddenly pushed his ugly head under the tent, and crawling over Brainerd's head, he raised himself parallel to the kneeling man's back, as if to strike his fangs in his neck. Suddenly it drew back, as if God forbade the murderous attempt, and glided out at the opposite side from which it entered. The Indians were terrified, and slowly retreating. They joined their comrades, and described what they had witnessed. Brainerd was so absorbed in prayer that he knew nothing of the snake visit, or of the savage warriors who had come to destroy him. He seemed to hear God say, "My presence shall go with thee." At length he took his Bible and went toward the village. To his surprise it seemed as if the whole tribe came out to greet him. They treated him with the greatest respect, regarding him as under the protection of the Great Spirit, and concluded that instead of being hostile to this man whom God had defended from the poison of the rattlesnake, they ought to sue for peace. They came to his preaching, and were ready to hear his entreaties to trust alone in Christ for salvation.

## OUR HISTORY CLASS.

### IL—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONQUEST OF GREECE, CARTHAGE AND CORINTH.

B. C. 179-145.

It was a great change when Rome, which to the Greeks of Pyrrhus' time had seemed so rude and simple, was thought such a school of policy and power to be educated there, partly as hostages for their own peaceableness, and partly to learn the spirit of Roman rule. The first king who did this was Philip of Macedonia, who sent his son Demetrius to be brought up at Rome. But when he came back, his father and brother were jealous of him, and he was soon put to death.

When his brother Perseus came to the throne, there was hatred between him and the Romans, and he long he was accused of making war on their allies. He offered to make peace, but they replied that they would hear nothing till he had laid down his arms, and this he would not do, so that Lucius Aemilius Paulus, the brother-in-law of Scipio, was sent to reduce him. As Aemilius came into his own house after receiving the appointment, he met his little daughter crying, and when he asked her what was the matter, she answered, "Oh, father, Perseus is dead!" She meant little, but he kissed her and thanked her for the good omen. He overran Macedonia, and gained the great battle of Pydna, after which Perseus was obliged to give himself up into the hands of the Romans, begging, however, not to be made to walk in Aemilius' triumph. The general answered that he might obtain that favor from himself, meaning that he could die by his own hand; but Perseus did not take the hint, which seems to us far more shocking than it did to a Roman. He did walk in the triumph, and died a few years after in Italy. Aemilius' two sons were with him throughout this campaign, though still boys under Polybius, their Achaian tutor. Macedonia was divided into four provinces, and became a Roman province.

The Greeks of the Achaian League began to have quarrels among themselves, and when the Romans interfered, a fierce spirit broke out, and they wanted to have their old freedom, forgetting how entirely unable they were to stand against the power of the Romans. Calpurnius Aemilius, a man of one of the best and most gracious Roman families, was patient with them and did his best to pacify them, being most unwilling to ruin the nation which he loved; but these foolish Greeks fancied that his kindness showed weakness, and forced on the war, sending a troop to guard the pass of Thermopylae, but they were swept away. Unfortunately, Metellus had to go out of office, and Lucius Mummius, a fierce, rude, and ignorant soldier, came in his stead to complete the conquest. Corinth was taken, utterly ruined and plundered throughout, and a huge amount of treasure was sent to Rome, as well as pictures and statues of all kinds, the world. Mummius was very much laughed at for having been told they must be carried in his triumph; and yet, not understanding their beauty, he told the sailors to whose charge he gave them, that if they were lost, new ones must be supplied. However, he was an honest man, who did not help himself out of the plunder, as far too many were doing. After that, Achaia was made a Roman Province.

At this time the third and last Punic war was going on. The old Moorish King, Masinissa, had been continually tormenting Carthage ever since she had been weak, and declaring that Phoenician strangers had no business in Africa. The Carthaginians, who had no means of defending themselves, complained; but the Romans would not listen, hoping, perhaps, that they would be grieved at last into attacking the Moor, and thus giving a pretext for war. Old Marcus Porcius Cato, who was sent to Carthage, came back declaring that it would not be safe to let so mighty a city of enemies stand so near. He

brought back a branch of figs, fresh, and good, which he showed the Senate in proof of how useful figs were, and ended each sentence with "Carthage is to be wiped out!" He died the same year at ninety years old, having spent most of his life in making a staunch resistance to the easy and luxurious life that were coming in with wealth and refinement. One of his sayings always deserves to be remembered. When he was opposing a law giving permission to the ladies to wear gold and purple, he said they would all be the vulgar of the lower order, and the poor would be ashamed of not having as good an appearance as the rich. "And," said he, "she who blushes for doing what she ought, will soon cease to blush for doing what she ought not."

One wonders he did not see that to have no enemy near at hand to guard against was the very worst thing for the hardy, plain old ways he was so anxious to keep up. However, Carthage was to be wiped out, and Scipio Aemilius was sent to do the terrible work. He defeated Hasdrubal, the last of the Carthaginian generals, and took the citadel of Byrsa; but though all hope was over, the city held out in utter desperation. Weapons were forged out of household implements, and out of gold and silver, and the women twisted their long hair into bow-strings; and when the walls were stormed, they fought from street to street and from house to house, so that the Romans gained little but ruins and dead bodies. Carthage and Corinth fell on the same day of the year 179.

Part of Spain still had to be subdued, and Scipio Aemilius was sent thither. The city of Numantia, with only five thousand inhabitants, endured one of those long, hopeless sieges which Spanish cities have. In all times, been remarkable, and was only taken at last when almost every citizen had perished.

At the same time, Attalus, King of Pergamum, in Asia Minor, being the last of his race, bequeathed his dominions to the Romans, and thus gave them their first solid footing there.

All this was altering Roman manners much. Weak as the Greeks were, their old doings of every kind were still the admiration of every one, and the Romans, who had always been rough, straightforward doers, began to wish to learn of them to think. All the wealthier families had Greeks for tutors for their sons, and expected them to talk and write the language, and study the philosophy and poetry of those long dead, and to find wit as if they were Greeks themselves. Unluckily, the Greeks themselves had fallen from their earnestness and greatness, so that there was not much to be learnt of them now but vain doings and bad habits.

Rich Romans, too, began to get most absurdly luxurious. They had splendid villas on the Italian hillsides, where they went to spend the summer when Rome was unhealthy, and where they had beautiful gardens with cypresses planted with mosaic, and fish-ponds for pet fish, for which many had a passion. One man was laughed at for having shed tears when his favorite fish died, and he retorted by saying that it was more than his never to shed tears for his wife.

Their feasts were as luxurious as they could make them, in spite of the laws to keep them within bounds. Dishes of nightingales' tongues, of fatted dormice, and even of snails, were among their food; and some times a great stream of wine was poured from the table, containing the living companion of the mullet which served as part of the meal.

Praying to the Clothes-Lines.

The ignorance of some of the lower class of women who come to our Sydney Home is appalling, and it is hard to explain to them even the plan of salvation.

"Do you know what Sarah is doing?" queried one of the most intelligent of them.

"No," replied the officer.

"Well, she's praying to the clothes-lines."

"Nonsense!"

On questioning Sarah, it proved to be true, and she said that she was praying to the line not to fall with the clothes on.





## Splendid Capture of Souls—Drum-Head Penitents—Another Soldiers' Home Opened—Colonel Seton Churchill on the Salvation Army—The Return to Mafeking—News from Natal.

We hasten to chronicle a glorious salvation victory at this South African centre this Whit-Monday. Seventy souls have been registered at the penitent form, including four at the drum-head.

Commissioner Bailton presented himself at Territorial Headquarters last Friday morning. He was warmly welcomed. Already our Whit-Monday plans were matured. Commissioner Kilbey had resolved upon a White-hot campaign, and every officer and soldier was determined to back him up to the full. The sudden arrival from the Diamond Fields of the International vanguard of a thousand lights added materially to the enthusiasm. The Testament demonstrations of the past few weeks had been remarkable for power and blessing.

### Over One Hundred Souls

had been captured, and this at a time of exceptional jubilation and exultation over the triumphs of the British army in the North. Through it all we had gone straight ahead in the great work in which we are engaged, and God had crowned our labors with success exceeding our fondest expectations.

As to these Whit-Monday campaigns, the Salvation Army, during recent years, at least, has never seen such crowds or congregations, and certainly new records have been established in regards actual visible results. The open-air gatherings have been enormous, and the

### Drum-Head Scenes

have greatly impressed the public. Open-air fishing has been systematically carried on throughout the campaign. The Salvation meetings indoors have become the subject of general remark throughout the city. The Citadel on Whit-Monday night was flooded with glory and salvation, and it would be difficult to conceive of anything more Blood-and-Fire in character than the meeting on the night of Whit-Monday, when thirty-two penitents knelt at the feet of Jesus.

In all these meetings our brave Leaguer lads were prominent, and did splendid service.

### Splendid Opening of Our Latest Soldiers' Home.

Tommy Atkins is now in undisputed possession of the new home which the Salvation Army has provided for him, by the aid of generous outside friends, at the foot of Adderley Street, opposite the Bichel statue, Cape Town. It is a capital institution; one of the finest, if not the finest, of its kind in South Africa. It has an abundance of reading, writing, and refreshment accommodation, and is most comfortably furnished. People of rank and influence, not forgetting the Mayor and Corporation, have well responded to the Commissioner's appeal for assistance in providing for the comfort and watching over the best interests of Tommy Atkins when off duty. Snail wonder, therefore, that it has already become largely patronized since the opening on Wednesday afternoon last.

This was an interesting and important ceremony, and attracted a big attendance of friends interested in the work of the Army amongst the troops.

Most-Colonel Seton Churchill Presided, and among others present were Mrs. Hanbury Williams, Lieut. Chester

Master, A.D.C., the Mayor and Mayors, and other influential residents, together with Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey, Commissioner Bailton, the Chief Secretary, Brigadier and Mrs. Howe, and Brigadier Ranch.

Colonel Seton-Churchill said soldiers were followed by special temptations, and therefore special means of grace and special opportunities were required to enable them to lead pure, sober, and Christ-like lives, and he knew of no other better institution to do that than the Soldiers' Home. He thought they should

### Congratulate the Salvation Army

on providing another of these splendid institutions for the men, so that they might cultivate all that was noble and Christ-like, and avoid the temptations offered by the great garrison towns. Discipline was not everything, and by these Soldiers' Homes they appealed to another part of a man's nature, for it was not there a matter of discipline. He heartily wished the institution every success, and in doing so he was sure he might speak in the name of every officer and every soldier in the British Army, who would thank most heartily the Salvation Army for adding another Home to the many that already existed in South Africa. And in wishing the institution every success, he had very great pleasure in declaring the Home to be open.

### Back to Mafeking.

At last we have news direct from Mafeking, after an interval of nearly eight months. None of us were surprised to hear that the barracks and quarters at Mafeking had suffered

severely from the recent bombardment; indeed, they are reported to be practically destroyed, as are also the personal effects of Capt. Quarterman and Stevens, who, it will be remembered, had to leave Mafeking compulsorily, by order of the military authorities, only an hour or two before the first shot was fired in October last. All our soldiers and friends at Mafeking have suffered severe loss, but we have a good hope that the Government will compensate them in due course.

The destruction of our barracks at Mafeking will in no way interfere with the commencement of our work in the district. It is highly probable that by the time this letter reaches the War Cry, Capt. Quarterman will have raised again the dear old flag in the Mafeking Market Square. It is expected that Staff-Capt. Mayers, the Diamond Fields' Sectional Officer, will accompany Mafeking's C. O. at the outset, in which event Commissioner Bailton has promised to return to Kimberley to "hold on." The veteran International representative has taken great personal interest in the Diamond Fields' fight, and speaks very hopefully of the progress. Our beloved Commissioner and Mrs. Kilbey are just now fighting in Natal with all the vigor at their command. They will shortly return to the centre to set afloat new schemes for the more efficient carrying-on of our work here in South Africa.—G. Stevens, Staff-Capt.

### Our Natal Mercy Leaguers.

When I last wrote it was from the empty interior of a commandeered house at Dundee. We had just rejoiced over the arrival of a loaf of fresh bread, but that joy was eclipsed when, in the afternoon, we found ourselves in possession of a tiny leg of mutton. We sat and looked at it in admiration and some perplexity, for how was it to be cooked?

A fire soon blazed in the garden, and there the leg of mutton was popped into a biscuit-tin, and we watched with anxious hearts. Well might we have feared, for when hope was highest the bottom of the tin came out. A few minutes of reckless daring followed, deeds of special mention being done by Ensign Hurley; and, behold, once again—this time in a keener tin—the leg of mutton was cooking afresh!

It was done at last, and surely no cook's heart ever glowed with greater pride than ours, when fully an hour

before the usual time we had high tea off that leg of mutton.

### Forriage—from the Colonel Downwards.

The next day found us on the way to Newcastle, with a pleasant recollection that our Tent, pitched for a few days at Smith's Farm, Dundee, was doing good service in supplying the Durban Light Infantry from the Colonel downwards, with porridge, in the early hours of the morning.

Through the kindness of the ungrateful, an old but airy house, utterly looted, was put at our disposal. A generous gift of coal and wood, from Mr. FitzWilliams, enabled us to have a cheery fire, well-able to forget the war was not over.

We purpose having our Tent here for the present, so with hospital visiting, camp visiting, and the Tent Soldiers' Home, our hands will be full.

While Ensign Hurley was going through the hospital tents yesterday, after the work of the day, there often comes a deep and tender pence; as if, at last, the real nature had a chance to disclose itself in the shining of the face. And those who look at the still countenance are often penetrated with the sense that something foreign and temporary has vanished, and, like the taking away of a veil, made room for that which is real and permanent. The best men and women are so involved in a multitude of small duties that they lose the true sight of the goal to which they are loyally moving; they are often misrepresented by personal peculiarities and passing moods, and we fall to discern each instance the large nobility of their aims. Working in crowded ranks, in the dust, heat, and uproar of the workshop of life, we fail to discern the greatness or beauty of those who stand beside us. But when the smallness and trivialities of our lives are laid aside, the mist and clouds vanish, and we see with clear vision. Then, in an instant, the long patience, the high idealism, the hatred of meanness, the passionate pursuit of the good, the affection that was tenderly urgent rather than weakly indulgent, shine before us, and we wonder that our eyes were so long hidden. And as the years go by and the perspective of time lengthens the true proportions of character, the large lines of life, become more distinct. Blessed are the dead when they live with increasing nobility and beauty in the memory of those who knew and loved them!

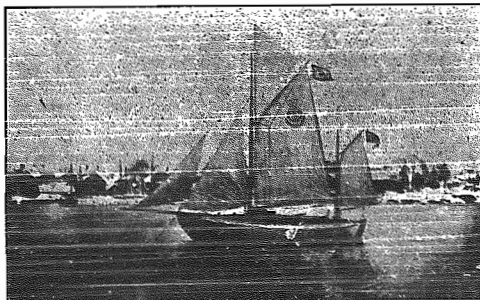
### In Remembrance.

There is something very beautiful and significant in the revelation of character which death makes. On the face of one who has fallen asleep after the work of a life there often comes a deep and tender pence; as if, at last, the real nature had a chance to disclose itself in the shining of the face. And those who look at the still countenance are often penetrated with the sense that something foreign and temporary has vanished, and, like the taking away of a veil, made room for that which is real and permanent. The best men and women are so involved in a multitude of small duties that they lose the true sight of the goal to which they are loyally moving; they are often misrepresented by personal peculiarities and passing moods, and we fall to discern each instance the large nobility of their aims. Working in crowded ranks, in the dust, heat, and uproar of the workshop of life, we fail to discern the greatness or beauty of those who stand beside us. But when the smallness and trivialities of our lives are laid aside, the mist and clouds vanish, and we see with clear vision. Then, in an instant, the long patience, the high idealism, the hatred of meanness, the passionate pursuit of the good, the affection that was tenderly urgent rather than weakly indulgent, shine before us, and we wonder that our eyes were so long hidden. And as the years go by and the perspective of time lengthens the true proportions of character, the large lines of life, become more distinct. Blessed are the dead when they live with increasing nobility and beauty in the memory of those who knew and loved them!

Recognition is a matter of secondary importance to the brave, the true, and the good; but it is a matter of prime importance to others. Not to discern nobility in every form, or to suffer to be misled or obscured by personal peculiarities or moods, is to miss one of the richest opportunities of growth. It is well to remember that only the good believe in the good, and to the noble alone is given the power to recognize that which is noble.

### The Mission of Reflected Light.

Most of the sunshine we get in life comes to us by reflection. It is given us in the brightness of the air, the sheen upon the sea, the color in the flower. What comes to us as directly as the atmosphere will allow of, is not always the messenger of joy and health. It makes us yearn at times for the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. So it is in God's disclosures of Himself. This sunshine also comes to us mostly by reflection from others—in the warmth, and brightness, and color of lives. He has made to shine in the beauty of nature, in the wisdom of inspired men, in the grand humanity of His Son. We could not endure God's direct disclosure of Himself, any more than Moses could. But we get a disclosure which is none the less real because indirect.



THE S. A. LIFE-SAVING BOAT, "CATHERINE BOOTH."

### THE "CATHERINE BOOTH."

#### Our Horwington Life-Saving Boat.

In February last, amidst a raging gale of drifting snow and bitter cold blasts, Commissioner Ouchterlony consecrated the "Catherine Booth," and her crew of four, to their unique work of saving sailors' souls and bodies.

The mission of the "Catherine Booth" is a two-fold one; firstly, she follows the moving fishing fleets, which are often overtaken by storms that cause wreckage, for the purpose of giving help to vessels in danger, and rescuing their crews. Life-saving apparatus of every description, clothing and med-

icine are kept on board for such emergencies.

The boat is built on the model of thirteen other boats of the Life-Saving Society, which are stationed around the coast.

Within the first three months of her commission, the "Catherine Booth" had, by the blessing of God, succeeded in saving seven lives and assisted ten fishing boats.

But the boat is also a floating barracks, and her crew conduct meetings on board and on land, especially in out-of-the-way places, where no corps can be supported.

The boat is an excellent vessel, and stands storms in which no other boat would venture.

Capt. Owsen is in command of the Lifeboat.



## Not Slaves.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

Drawing themselves to their full height, the proud Pharisees said, "We were never in bondage to any man." (John viii. 33.) And all the human family plead the like freedom to-day. Slaves? No, they are their own masters. So the self-righteous know not they are bond-slaves to pride, nor the drunkard to intemperance, nor the carnal to lust. Thus they miss the freedom which might be theirs.

On the African shores lay a little boat, manned by five or six sturdy blue-jackets. A small island was on their right, a long island on their left; between these two islands was a narrow channel, which presented the only opening through which a vessel could come. They evidently did not wish to be seen, for their ready craft was hidden behind the end of the small island; yet they, as evidently, wished to see; for, though they were asleep but one, they were prepared at a moment's notice, to spring armed to their feet. They belonged to one of H. M. S. appointed to suppress the slave trade, and were doing their utmost on the look-out for any ship that might come that way.

It was no joking matter to be doubled up in that boat for thirty-six days or so, wearing one's clothes constantly, wet or dry; and the men were not at all sorry when work relieved the monotony. Such work proved to be no harder than they had anticipated; for, before the watch had discovered the intruder, her small sail had loomed up the narrow channel. All were alert in a second, and, as it was too late to turn and stem the swift current, the Arabs surrendered, well knowing a better scheme than attempting to fight. The first shot should strike help from other sturdy jacks, and made escape impossible.

The cargo consisted of women and boys, these being of the most value; a woman representing perhaps twenty dollars. Smart women they were, too, arrayed in cheap jewelry, given them by their captors to pacify and deceive. Just as Satan gives his captives pleasures, and follies, and toys, and bright jewels, but minus true gems; glittering, but not golden.

Not one of those women or boys would own they were slaves. Their deliverers had cultured their ears, and women representing perhaps twenty dollars. Smart women they were, too, arrayed in cheap jewelry, given them by their captors to pacify and deceive. Just as Satan gives his captives pleasures, and follies, and toys, and bright jewels, but minus true gems; glittering, but not golden.

How like the wives of the devil in deceiving those "who are taken captive by him at his will." (1 Tim. ii. 26.) "Christ comes 'to proclaim liberty to the captives.'" (Is. lxi. 1; Luke iv. 18.) But the captive declares he is not a captive. "We were never in bondage to any man; how suggest Thou, Ye shall be made free." (John viii. 33.) The old story has told them horrible tales about the white men in the boats, that they would kill them and eat them, and so had represented their friends as enemies, while they themselves, the real slaves, had been called the "plucky" friends, and they not given them jewels?

Had the deluded negroes confessed their real position, they would have been delivered with all the authority of the British flag, as it was they would-be deliverers had to quit the show and leave them to their fate. Christ and His servants must act in like manner toward those who will not own they need a deliverer. A month passed; that boat's crew were relieved, and returned to their ship. Another month came round, and they were cruising among the islands once more. The wind was such that no slaves were likely to appear; so the men went for a stretch along the shore, and to harrier for eggs and fowls. They were in the midst of cinnamon plantations, the short, bushy trees reaching in long lines all the way up a beautiful slope. Sud-



## ISHMAEL.

(To our Frontispiece.)

In the deserts of North Africa and Asia Minor there dwells to-day a proud, lawless and distinct people known as the Arabs and Bedouins, the children of Ishmael, who claim undisputed lordship over those sandy plains over which they roam, exacting tribute from the merchants and strangers who traverse their domain. They acknowledge allegiance to no king but the chiefs of their tribes, which are numerous. The different tribes are in constant warfare with each other, preying upon each other, and are, in fact, a living fulfilment of the angel's prediction of Ishmael's character, "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren."

Ishmael was the child of discontent, of bondage, and of irregularity. Sarai had been grumbling because she had no children. She was not content to wait God's time, or to be without children, if God so willed it. Of course, in her days, to be childless was considered a mark of Divine disfavour, and a great disgrace to a woman. Sarai could not bear the shame, and schemed how to circumvent the decrees of destiny. She gave her maid—an Egyptian—an idol-worshipper—to Abraham, that she might take away Sarai's reproach. It was a customary proceeding in those days, but, nevertheless, it was an evil, and proved so.

As soon as Hagar understood her position, she felt elevated, and "her mistress was despised in her eyes." Then the trouble began. No sooner did Sarai feel that the whole thing was coming back on her than she tried to put the responsibility upon Abraham. Her husband could not find a satisfactory way of settling the quarrel, so he gave Sarai full power to act, and Hagar was put out of the camp.

But God would not allow Abraham and Sarai to get rid of the matter of their own doing in such a way. Two wrongs don't make a right. The angel told Hagar: "Return to thy mistress, and submit thyself under her hands." So Hagar went back and Ishmael was born, and evidently was considered a proper boy by both Sarai and Abraham. Nevertheless, the idolatry, the secret hatred, and resentment for her mistress which Hagar had nursed, were born in the child, and it was only waiting an opportunity to show his true nature.

Isaac was born according to the promise of God, and in His time; Sarai had changed her name to Sarah. At the time of Isaac's weaning according to the ancient custom, a great feast was made. Ishmael did not like the rival and mocked Isaac. All the old sores were opened again. Hagar sympathized with Ishmael, Sarah stood up for Isaac, and she demanded that Hagar and Ishmael be cast out. Abraham, of course, did not like this, but God told him to obey Sarah's wishes, and the thing was done. God looked after Ishmael, according to His promise, but he was an outcast from that day until this.

And the lessons of the story? Have we not raised and cherished from infancy the inbred sins which we have inherited from our parents? Ishmael has been born with us, and he has ruled our lives. Malice, and hatred, and envy, and jealousy have put us at enmity with men around us, who should be our friends. Ishmael did not want to acknowledge any restrictions of Divine law, and mocked at the thought of having Christ as Governor in the heart.

And when we, in sincerity and contrition, sought the forgiveness of God, and Christ was born in our heart as a personal Saviour, then Ishmael, the Flesh, mocked Him Who crucified the Flesh, and painted all that suffering and self-denial demanded of a Christian as unnecessary and wrong. To our mind his language seemed plausible, but our conscience cried "Cast him out!" It was not until we cast Ishmael out of our lives that peace reigned.

Has your Christian experience been one of dissatisfaction and strife? Ishmael has remained in the camp! The longer he stays the stronger he grows. He is a wild and unprincipled nature. He will overcome the son of the promise while young, and assume the mastership. Heed the warning, and in all that your own conscience "said unto thee, hearken unto her voice," and the peace and power of God will be yours. The offspring of bondage has no business in the camp with the son of Divine freedom. There can be no peace and harmony between the finite and the infinite, light and darkness, wrong and right, sin and purity—therefore, let Ishmael go, and retain Immanuel.



quently they came upon a group of women—the very women they had met before. Not one arrayed in jewels; their finery had been taken from them at landing, and the few weeks of hard toil had taught them the real state of affairs. Would not the white-faced sailors rescue them? It was too late! They had no power upon that island; the day of salvation was passed; the opportunity of deliverance lost.

To-day, the slaves may be set free. In God's name we board the devil's deck. Our King saith, "The captives of the mighty shall be taken away, and the prey of the terrible shall be delivered." For I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children." (Is. xli. 25.)

Who will own their bondage? "The Children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage, and they cried, 'We have no deliverance.' And their cry came up unto God, by reason of the bondage. And God heard their groanings." (Ex. ii. 23, 24.) Only confess the slavery of sin, and liberty from sin shall be granted. The sooner, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John viii. 36.) "He shall let go My captives, not for price nor reward, saith the Lord of hosts." (Is. xiv. 13.)

### Consideration for Others.

No doubt much evil is wrought by want of thought. Many people with kindly hearts continually cause pain to others by mere heedlessness. They seem to have no perception of the sensibilities of those about them. They have never trained themselves to think at all of others in connection with their own words and acts. They have accustomed themselves to think only of their own interests, and to do only what they think right, without asking whether others will be pleased or displeased. They think only of their own comfort and convenience, and never of how the thing they wish to do may hurt to the comfort or convenience of others.

We find abundant illustration of this in all our common life. The intercourse of many homes is marred and spoiled by exhibitions of this thoughtless spirit. Family life should be a blending of all the tastes, dispositions, talents, gifts, and resources of all the members of the household. In each one there should be self-restraint. No member may live in a home circle as if he were dwelling alone in a great house, with only himself to consider. He must repress much in himself for the sake of the other members. He must do many things which he might not do if he were alone, because he is a member of a little community, whose happiness and good he is to seek at every point. No household life can ever be made truly ideal by all having always their own way.

### A New Use for a League's Pass

Adj. Mary Murray, the officer in charge of the Mercy League in Natal, sends us the following letter from the fighting in "the Garden Colony":

"A military officer on the march wants a scrap of paper on which to send a note to his superior officer at headquarters. None is at hand. Suddenly a brilliant thought strikes one of our League's standing forward; he offers the officer his old League Pass.

"Officer: 'What's this? Salvation Army Naval and Military League?'

"League: 'Yes, sir; the other side is his own, sir.'

"Officer reads League's declaration; expresses his approval of the same, and then sends his message to headquarters on the back."

vvv

"Natal Volunteer to League Officer: 'Hello! Got a War Cry?'

"No," replies the officer, "I'm sorry to say they're all distributed."

"Volunteer: 'Well, take this five-shilling, anyway; it will only go for five drinks if you don't. I'm a bit of a devil myself, but I'm glad you visit the camp; we like it.'"

Every man is serving some kind of a master.



# PACIFIC FORTS.

## III.—SPOKANE.

Lively Times on the Streets at Night—Very Shifting Populace—Fought in the Philippines—Capt. Bennett's Memory Green—A Bicycle Thief Saved.

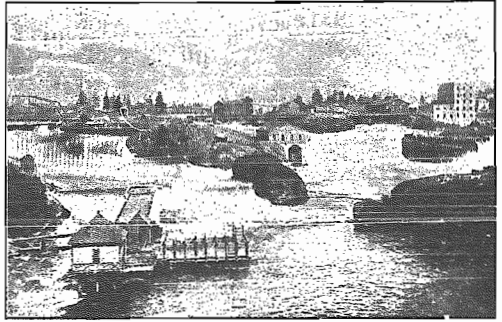
By ENSIGN BLOSS.

THE Salvation Army has wonderful opportunities in Spokane of spreading the glorious news of salvation, as men are here from all parts of the American Continent, this seeming to be the distributing point for the great mining country, both in the State of Washington and British Columbia; therefore, it is not an uncommon thing to see the streets crowded with just the class of men the Army is after. We are very fortunate in having our hall right in the midst of the saloons and lodging houses, and nightly at the open-air crowds of these men congregate to listen to the story of the cross, some, perhaps, never coming in contact with the message of salvation before. Of course, the devil makes the best of his opportunity to catch and allure those who, perhaps, are out here in try and better their position in life, and many a man's hard-earned wages has slipped from his grasp as quickly as the passing away of the morning dew. In order to do this, he has many a snare laid in the way of music-halls, theatres, gambling dens, and places still worse, with music going on inside to attract the unwary in.

To a stranger, the heart of the city of Spokane, at about 7:45 p.m., would strike him as being rather comical; as at that time there seems to be no end of music, noise, and attraction, and it would bewilder him at first to know what he had struck; you may see the Army on one corner, the American Volunteers on another, a theatrical band on one side of you, a shooting gallery right in front of you, with a street organ going by electric ity to keep time with the shots, and

a whole-hearted surrender, yet his darkened conscience was enlightened. You don't always get people changed through the influence of one meeting.

To those acquainted with the corps work, the above facts would, perhaps, cause them to think that officers in charge of such a corps are "in clover;" yet with all these advantages there are some disadvantages which would tend to dishearten the F. O., and that is the Western roving spirit, making it very hard to keep a good, solid body of men and women together, which is so necessary in order to accomplish the most for God and souls. For instance, you may get a man to



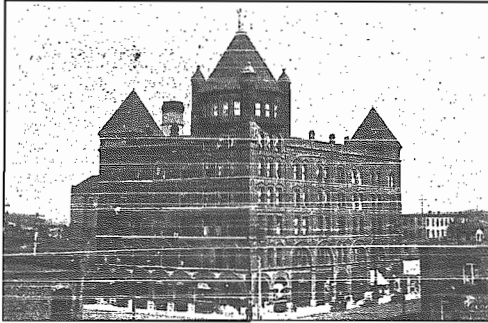
UPPER FALLS, SPOKANE RIVER.

morning to night, even sitting up with them and watching them until they had passed the critical point. A soldier only the other day testified that for years he had been a morphine fiend, but through her efforts, had claimed power from on high and victory through the Blood, and now had been a soldier for a good number of years, and has a good position as

passenger brakeman on the Northern Pacific Railway.

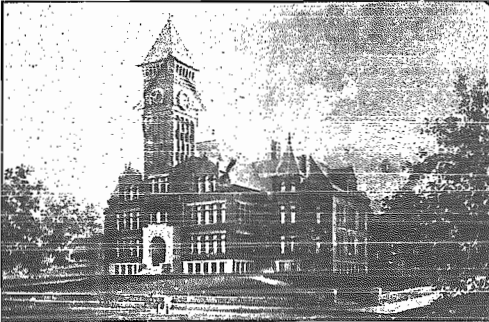
Some of her converts the writer came across away up in the gold fields of Alaska. Bro. Sly, who is still a soldier of the Spokane corps, was also converted under her. He was not one of those notorious characters, but of the "good enough" kind; he attended the meetings and began to feel his need of a change, and when reciting over his conversion, said, "She just gave me a few moments to decide," and thank God he decided on the right side. He has been a soldier over seven years, and is a contractor by trade; he is kept busy with eight or nine men working under him, building houses, and carpenter work in general. You can see him every day, whether in his shop or on the rig, with the Army cap on, as he says he likes to wear it; fortunately he is not one of the moving class, but has lived in Spokane eleven years. His wife is a good soldier also.

Bro. Jensen, the Sergt.-Major of the corps, is a tall, stalwart Dane, and was converted some eight years ago under Ensign McAbee. Perhaps our readers will remember him as the soldier who returned from Manila last Fall, having served in the 1st Washington Volunteers in the Philippines. When asked as to how he was in his



AUDITORIUM AND POST OFFICE, SPOKANE, WASH.

(Continued on page 13.)



HIGH SCHOOL, SPOKANE, WASH.

perhaps a company of Mormons exhorting a little further up street, with another theatrical band around another corner, and a few out-and-out members of some church at another stand. To stand off about a block and listen to this conglomeration of noise and confusion, which

Puts in the Shadow Dawson Fight,

you would really wonder how a religious organization could accomplish anything. Yet, amidst it all, the voice of God speaks to many a hardened conscience and sin-stained heart until they are persuaded to come to the barracks and lay down their arms of rebellion.

One poor old man strolled into the hall the other evening and said to one of our officers, "I came in twenty-four miles to-day to attend the circus, but something led me here, and I am far better for coming." Although he did not come to the Saviour and make

the penitent form one night, and perhaps never see him again; or he may turn up in the course of six or eight months and give a ringing testimony to the saving and keeping power of God; or temptations may have been too much for him and he has gone under.

Yet Spokane keeps a fairly good fighting force; there are some one hundred and fifty-six soldiers on the roll, with eighteen recruits, and they turn out well (seeing so many are away all the time), as many as twenty-five, thirty, and forty, and sometimes more, being on the march.

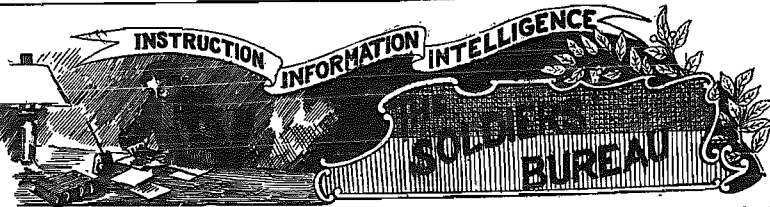
There are few people acquainted with the history of the corps, but who associate the name of the sainted Captain Bennett with the same. Outside of our own people she is

Remembered Most by the Drunkards, Gamblers and Morphine Fiends, with whom she used to work from



BRO. SLY'S SALVATION CONTRACTOR SHOP, SPOKANE.





## "Necessary to be Sanctified."

By LIEUT. KREIGER.

"First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."—Mark iv. 28.

One day, while in conversation, mention was made about the present dry weather affecting the crops. "Besides," said my friend, "there has been considerable night frost of late, which does not help matters out."

"Yes," said I, "the first blade of the wheat seems to be dropping up instead of growing," (wheat was just nicely coming out of the ground), and if memory serves me right, the reply was made to the effect that in some cases it did not matter, for the first head (blade) always came to nothing, anyway; and a good thing it is, because it gives the plant a chance to take good root.

The first-born blade of the bean only lives a short season. The second, after being planted, actually transforms itself into two leaves; but only a very small portion takes root and lives, while

### The First "Brad" Dies.

In the Spring the bud of the May-flower is the first to appear, after which the hopeful Spring rays of the sun nurse it into a blossom of gorgeous beauty, but its life is comparatively short, for soon it is transformed into a bulb of seed. Now, at this stage of its existence, the first bud comes, then the next, then the stem sprouts up, grows strong and prosperous through the summer season, dies, its first-fruit is hidden, over which the wintry blasts howl, and for a few months no remains without harm unto a more glorious increase.

Is not the first coming to the penitent form, as a sinner, like the first sprout of the plant? When the culture of his long sleep of a dormant sinful winter, it is indeed very much like the seed of repentance sprung up, as a plant of tender hope, growing out the first leaf of real joy. But alas! how tender is that life! It is so easily snuffed out by the heat of persecution. Ridiculous soon appears to the still remaining elements of anger; hence the short-lived experience of many a new convert. The spirit of the Master is, "When He was rejected, He rejected not; when He was despised, He threatened not."

Last year, while measuring some climbers, before the window at our quarters, I noticed how white and tender were those young sprouts, and after the frost had been removed a little while, and the sun beat his piercing rays down upon them, they weligned withered. So it is with the new convert; he cannot cope with the storms of life. Like a little child, he has to depend on the help of some one to help him along the unknown path. How I thank God for sending His servants, when I was first converted.

### To Help and Cheer Me On.

In my feeble and tottering way, now, the first leaf is necessary, but should not be depended upon. Many a one seems satisfied without seeking a deeper work of grace, sanctification, which is the stem of life; and the result is a backslide experience. "The first" invariably dies. We must, therefore, by the help of God, seek to start and bring into existence the real stem, the second blessing, strength and power from on high, to suffer the winds and storms of life that sweep their chilly blasts over us, to stand the heat of jeer and sneer of this cruel, heartless, and friendless world; and the result will be, "we suffer with Him, we shall also reign with Him."

It is the privilege of every Christian to have a mountain-moving faith, and yet how many grow faint at the sight of a mole hill.

## Terse Topics.

### CONSIDERATION.

What refreshing reading is furnished by the occasional protests against the brutal inconsideration often indulged in to hamper a noble sentiment. With pleasure we reprint a cutting from the Social Gazette:

"The Horse Guards Gazette," a soldiers' paper, makes a noble protest against "the carnival of savagery" that the South African war has introduced. Here are two extracts:—

"The cost of this war, nay, even the direct loss of life which it has occasioned, are as nothing to the carnival of savagery which it has called forth at the Cape. We went to war to impose our nineteenth-century civilization on the 'seventeenth-century Boer.' It is doubtful whether we have put the clock forward on the hand. We have certainly put it back at the Cape. All along, we of this paper, as soldiers' writing, have protested against the loathsome element of vulgar malice, rancour, and ill-feeling which a being so sedulously cultivated by the greater part of the press of the country."

"Not the least low example of the method in which the coarse taste of the mob is appended to its evidence by the disgraceful exhibition recently seen in the windows of a newspaper office in the Strand. In the windows of that institution I have seen the hat of a Boer riddled with bullets, with the flippant inscription, 'Boer head-gear vented.' This hard and vulgar joke naturally arouses much meritment. . . . It is a terrible fact that people cannot realize the fact that probably the poor fellow whose head had been riddled with bullets, was a father and mother, or wife and children, perhaps in tears for his loss."

## What is Most Needed.

Written for Cold or Cooling Soldiers.

My soul is often stirred as I look upon the apparent indifference of some of our soldiers. Some who once were full of fire, love, and zeal for God and dying souls are now indifferent whether souls are saved or rejected, they are damned. Once the Cross was the attraction; now it is "How can I have the best time?" or "Appear more fair," or "Make the most money?" Or "How can I best please my friend, lover, or country?" Jesus, instead of having the pre-eminence, has to take second place.

My comrades, these things ought not so to be. We ought to be just so full of fire, love, and zeal as we ever were. Nay, more so.

### Has God's Supply Run Out?

Not at all! Then what is the matter? Certainly something must be wrong. Oh, how you have confessed to your own heart many times, that you were not winning your way, and when you give your testimony you strive to give it the same old ring as when it need to come from your heart filled with love, but somehow you seem to hear a voice within you saying, "That's a lie, and you know it!"

Your joy also is gone. It is no longer a delight for you to take up the cross, talk to a fellow-worker about his soul, button-hole a neighbor and have a "personal" with him, pray with him, and insist on his surrendering to Calvary's Lamb. No more do you feel like spending two or three hours in prayer, like you used to do, or, perhaps, instead of rising an hour before anyone else was awake and spending the time in prayer for souls, you now lie and sleep, let souls

pray for themselves, or die and go to hell. You do not rush off to the barracks to be in time for prayer meeting and march now like you used to do. Possibly you excuse yourself by saying, "Let the young blood do it. I've had my time at that sort of thing."

Now, my comrade, will you not agree with me when I say

### There is Something Seriously Wrong?

It may be hard to say just what sin has caused all this coldness and indifference, but undoubtedly it has been a neglect of prayer, or unwillingness to take up some cross, or else some secret indulgence is sapping away the spiritual life within you.

"Oh," you say, "I never intended to go so far. I did not expect that by just spending five or ten minutes in prayer, instead of half-an-hour or an hour, was going to create such a coldness for prayer. Nor did I think I was going to lose interest in meetings because I stayed away on Sunday afternoon. I was so tired, and Sunday afternoon marches are usually so long and tiring." The Captain seems to forget that we have been working all week and we need a little rest."

Oh, my comrades, see how the devil has got in. Of course, you never intended to backslide, but you know it cannot be said that you are red-hot and out-and-out for God and souls as once you were.

Now, I have watched many a case just like yours, and I have talked to many a one, and I have come to the conclusion that the great trouble is this:

### You Have Failed to Get Sanctified

when you felt the Spirit leading you to consecrate yourself for the blessing. Either the cross was too heavy, or you were unwilling to pay the price, or you did not like the prospect of losing that reputation, or perhaps it would have meant officership, and you held back. Oh, the numbers whom I have seen who walk up and down in the land who carry this very brand, "Might have been," indelibly written upon them, and when I have heard their sad story, my own heart has echoed the same words, "Might have been."

My comrade, are you one of these, or are you just beginning to drop in to that path? Oh, beware! You cannot tell how long it is to get back to the straight path. Many have never got back again, but if YOU have gone this way, return to the Christ of Calvary, confess your backslidings, make an eternal consecration of yourself, take up the cross and go forward, get baptized with the Holy Ghost, and you shall yet be a blessing, and no longer shall it be a drudgery to follow Jesus.

Oh, how you would gladden the heart of your officers if you were only out-and-out for God; what a cheer you might be to them if you could only be depended upon; and how the people whom you mix up with from time to time would be glad if you and you might win them for God and the Army if you were only sanctified. Oh, God bless you, get sanctified. Consecrate yourself and everything you possess, and take up the cross, then rest satisfied until your soul is deluged with Divine love.—T. W. L.

## The Divine Interpreter.

As he who reads an alien tongue unknown.

I scanned the Sacred Book with longing eyes,

Nor heard the music dawn with sweet surprise,

Nor caught the muffled voice of silvery tone

Of Him, to those who read revealed alone

Their Saviour and their Lord; since in the Syrian land

The weary pilgrim grasps an unseen hand,

And saw in deepening light the shadow of a throne.

But when God, stooping, knew my hopeless quest

And whispered, "Brother, let Me read with you."

And, spell, with hand in Mine, the fingered leaves,"

I heard the ageless melody, and blessed

The Love Eternal that makes all things new,

And rends Himself the curtain that He weaves.

—Edward Shillito.

## What a Soldier Should Know

### Getting Others Saved.

The Salvation Soldier's religion may be divided into three parts:—  
(a) Getting saved himself from sin and its consequences, the new birth into the family and favor of God, and all the delightful consequences that follow.

### (b) Keeping saved.

(c) Getting others saved, that is, living the life of Christ over again. Following Him; being a saviour of men.

To this latter part of his business we want now to direct attention, and to consider how he can most effectually use the gifts already possessed, or those which he may be able to obtain, in glorifying God and spreading salvation.

He may be able to do something in the accomplishment of this by fighting on his own account, praying, speaking, and working as he has opportunity; but he will see at a glance that a man will be likely to do far more by acting in union with others who have the same character and aim, than he will by working alone.

### Working with the Organization.

He will find many of the Lord's people around him organized for the purpose of saving souls, but none so completely and powerfully as the Salvation Army.

This being the case, the Army being itself to accomplish a greater amount of good than any other organization, his way is plain to give himself right up to it. This means that he should deliberately, and without reserve, place himself at its service to be used in such a manner as will assist it the most effectually.

### Why Articles of War Should be Signed.

In enlisting in the Army a soldier is asked to sign what are known as the "Articles of War." These are the principal doctrines that every soldier is supposed to believe, the main principles on which he is expected to act, and a brief description of the service he will have to render.

Every Salvation Soldier must consider and sign these for the following reasons:

(a) That he may understand beforehand the doctrines, principles, and practices to which he will have to conform.

(b) Thinking and praying over these Articles will help him to find out whether he really has the faith and spirit of a Salvation Soldier or not.

(c) The pledge involved in signing these Articles will help him to be faithful to the Army in the future.

(d) They prevent many joining who are not one in heart and head with us, and who, consequently, would be likely afterwards to create dissatisfaction and division.

Two cannot walk together comfortably, or fight side by side earnestly, except they are agreed.



# EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

BY THE GENERAL.

## About Husbands: Their Privileges and Duties.

3. THE HUSBAND WILL FIND IN SUCH A WIFE AS I HAVE PREVIOUSLY DESCRIBED A GENUINE COMFORTER IN ALL HIS SORROWS.

When other hearts grow cold, and other sympathies are withdrawn; when old comrades turn away their faces from him, and old helpers withdraw their generous hands, her heart will beat the faster, and creep up the closer, and her arms will cling the tighter in holding him up while undergoing the rougher experiences of life.

4. THE HUSBAND WILL, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, SHARE WITH HIS WIFE EVERY FORM OF GLADNESS WHICH FALLS TO HIS LOT.

I can truthfully say that I never tasted what was pleasant to my palate, never saw a sight of beauty in art or nature, never heard a sound of melody in music or song, never experienced a joy in friendship, never had a triumph in my work or welfare—nay, I can go further, and say that I never had a heavenly manifestation to my soul, without desiring my dear wife to share it.

And there was nothing singular in my experience. It is perfectly common to husbands, I am happy to say; and no particular credit is due to them, either, on that account, for where true love—that is, real oneness—exists, this sharing of pleasant things means the doubling, nay, the trebling, of those treasures. While all true love would fain screen the object of its affection from sorrow, and longs to bear every grief on its behalf, it cares for no gladness that its object cannot know and share; so that, in a wife a husband finds the means for the manifold multiplication of his joys.

### A FAITHFUL ADVISER.

5. A TRUE HUSBAND WILL FIND IN A TRUE WIFE A FAITHFUL ADVISER IN HIS PERPLEXITIES.

Oh, how little do men dream of the valuable counsel of which they deprive themselves in failing to make their wives, as far as possible, their confidants in all matters of perplexity; it is quite true that, in The Salvation Army, the views taken of women's capacities and position render the observations made here and elsewhere in these papers of less importance; that they would otherwise be; still, I am afraid that the foolish, unscriptural, and irrational notions about woman's natural inferiority have not been utterly extirpated from the hearts of all who are marching under our flag.

A woman is, in many respects, remarkably able to advise her husband on the bewildering secular matters, which he is ever called to deal and, if he will give her the chance, she will show this ability with no inconsiderable advantage to him.

Outside our ranks, this chance is commonly denied her, for in too many cases she is regarded by her husband as only a kind of toy, to minister to his amusement; or as a mother, to nurse his children and look after their needs; or as a housewife, to see to his outgoings and drinkings, and clothing. Beyond this, she sees no end that a wife can serve; hence, he keeps her in ignorance of the busy world in which he lives and moves. If, however, the husband will condescend to acquaint the wife with the Doctrines and Duties of his Religion, with the ins and outs of his Business, with the character of the men who move in the circle of his acquaintance, and the host of things that occupy him day by day, he will often find her better able to advise him to his good than the ordinary run of people whom

he consults when beset by trials and burdened by care.

### WHERE THE WOMAN HAS THE ADVANTAGE.

A woman will often look at matters from a different standpoint to that taken by men. She will judge things, as we sometimes say, by her instinct, which will often simply be a keener sense of right and wrong than that possessed by men, combined with a greater readiness to face the difficulty of the present hour, although it may involve the sacrifice of a lesser gain to compass a greater future good. In other words, the true woman will care less for consequences and more

forth their generosity. What narrow, miserly, shrivelled-up beings they would become but for the compulsory demands and claims made upon them by wives and children!

In well-assorted and prudent marriages, it is strange how the income will keep pace with the expenditure. I should think, if an inquiry could be made upon the subject, it would be found that in most cases the married man with wife and children to support finds himself better off, and with more home-comforts, than he would have been had he remained single. The income, as by providential arrangement, wonderfully keeps pace with the outlay.

I have heard the poor peasant people in England say, when the sixth or seventh accession has been made to the family, without any apparent increase in the means of supplying its wants, "Oh, sir, God never sends little mouths without something to fill them!" If this sort of argument applies to the arrival of a child in a home, how doubly applicable it must be to the advent of a wife! She comes at once to relieve home of the

## THE EVIDENCE OF LOVE.

Love is not a matter of feeling or emotion. It is an attitude of being. He who loves another, holds that the other dear—is ready to act in such a way as to advance that other's true interests. Love does not depend on one's moods, is not measured by one's present emotions, never pivots on one's feelings. Love, because it is love, is imperative as duty itself, and dominates action as positively and as continuously as does duty. He who loves his country is not necessarily swayed by warm feelings, or tender emotions, with reference to his country. He simply holds his country dear, dearer than self, and, therefore, is ready to live or to die for that country, whether he feels like it or not. He who loves his fellows holds them dear.

### As Those Whom God Loves,

and, therefore, who are to be counted as so far representatives of God, however they may seem to one who is near them. The evidence of love is found in conduct, not in emotion. The question is not what we feel towards another, but what we are ready to do for another, however we feel, when our love is at issue. A parent who says he loves his child, and then consents to his child's having something he ought not to have, or doing something he ought not to do, because of his tenderness, shows in his conduct that he lacks the love for his child which he says he has. The man who calls himself a "lover," and then shoots the girl he claims to love because she does not love him, proves by his conduct that he never loved the girl, and he seems to show that he never loved anyone—even himself. He is a helpless slave of his own worst passions, without any knowledge of the sentiment of true love. Love ever holds dear its objects, and in action ever puts first the true welfare of its object regardless of selfish feelings and considerations, and apart from the drawings of emotion. Not feelings, but actions, are the true test of love.

### What is Best for Us?

Our ideas of "good" and "bad," "desirable" and "undesirable," ordinarily pivot on our selfish interests considered from a very limited outlook. In a dry season, when water in the springs and streams is low, and the cattle thirst, and the milk can run only half time or less, a heavy rain is welcomed as a good and desirable thing by those whose personal needs are thus supplied. Yet at that very time the farmer, who has the grass lying freshly cut on his best meadows, and the father who is with his wife and children at a distance from his home in an open wagon without an umbrella, considers that first shower unwholesome but good and desirable. And so it is with wellnigh every experience in life: we cannot look at it apart from our personal and selfish interests. Is it not cause for gratitude on the part of all the world, ourselves included, that we cannot choose as to God's lesser or greater providences? Our Father knows what is "good and desirable" for His children, as they do not. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

### Time-Work or Piece-Work.

One who is doing his best is pretty sure of having this recognized; and one who is not doing his best may be equally sure that it will be known. A keen observer and in passing a building that was in process of construction, "I can always tell whether those fellows are doing 'time-work' or 'piece-work.' In one case the blows of their hammers ding along slowly, and seem to say, 'By the day, by the day'; in the other case the hammers strike briskly, and say, 'By the job, by the job.'" Consciously or unconsciously our actions strive to show around us the spirit that is prompting them. It is the work into which has gone the best life and energy of the worker that finally counts, in the sight of both God and men.—S. S. Times.



BRIGADIER PUGMIRE AND FAMILY, MONTREAL.  
Provincial Office of the East Ontario and Quebec Provinces.

for what is right. She will think less of her own skin and more of the future usefulness of her husband. Men are more given to look at things from the standpoint of expediency than are women; and I am sure their training and intercourse with Society makes them more than about consequences. Perhaps it is because they see further into the future, or it may be a sense of responsibility for their families and their fellows makes them fearful of taking courses which they conceive to be the best and which otherwise they would choose to follow.

### A MAN'S BEST PARTNER.

6. IN A WIFE A MAN FINDS A TRUE PARTNER IN ALL HIS EARTHLY INTERESTS.

It is true that, ordinarily, she will bring with her the occasion for increased financial responsibilities, but this will probably prove to him a profitable part of the discipline of life, by strengthening and deepening his nature as nothing else will.

Men are naturally more selfish than women, and their meanness will grow and thrive every day they live upon the earth if there is nothing to call

labor of the hieling, and to manage her husband's earnings with strictest economy. It being her own thing, and not those of a stranger, of which she ministers. She comes not to measure her time, nor strength, nor gifts, nor anything else she possesses—she lays her all at his feet, and then tells for them as diligently and as skillfully as she would toil for her own.

Next week I shall touch upon the relation of a good wife to the making and completing of the husband's character.

(To be continued.)

Do you honor the Holy Ghost?

Do you believe in His work?

The words of the good are like a staff in slippery places.

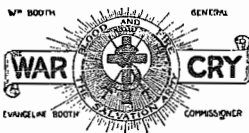
A handful of good life is worth a peck of learning.

Are you vexed when you are slighted or silently ignored?

If you are an anvil, be patient; if you are a hammer, strike hard.

Yes! You find people ready enough to do the Samaritan without the oil and the two pence.





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### Pray for China.

Major-General Schafter, the hero of Santiago, who spoke at the reception of Commander Booth-Tucker to San Francisco, touched, in his speech, upon the situation in China. Well knowing the horrors of war, and the innumerable complications that may arise from any ill-judged actions, he requested the prayers of every Salvationist in the interest of a peaceable solution. Our beloved General's similar request finds a sincere response in the heart of every lover of God and humanity, and we cannot press home too much the importance of prayer. We need not remind Christians of the wonderful, nay, the most wonderful achievements of history that have been wrought by prayer, and incessant, fervent prayer can again prove the oil which will smooth over the troubled billows of the political sea, which now threatens the disastrous wreck of the oldest empire of the world amidst scenes too revolting for the imagination.

The weakest saint has an unflinching weapon in prayer, with which to slay the monster of War, which has raised its ugly head with gluttonous longing so frequently during recent years. If the Christians of the world could but unite in prayer, they could make war simply impossible.

### Mrs. Major Horn's Illness.

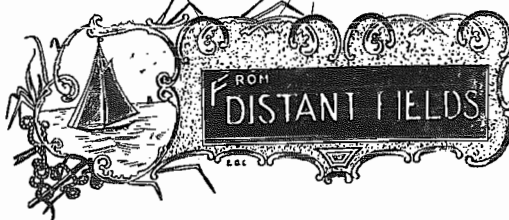
We regret to say that Mrs. Major Horn has been obliged to go to the Grace Hospital, in Toronto, for treatment. Her health has been failing for some time now, and sickness has been almost a constant guest at her house for months. The physician, happily, declares her disease curable, and we earnestly request our readers to remember Mrs. Horn before the Throne, that she may soon be restored, fully recuperated, to the Major and her family.

### Prison Gate Work.

The returns of work done in connection with our Prison Gate Branch at Toronto, for the month of July, are as follows:

No. of Men helped at Police Court.	3
No. of Men met at Discharge from	
Central Prison .....	47
No. of Men helped by S. A. on	
Discharge .....	20
No. of Men placed in Situations.	16
No. of Men professed Conversion.	15

During the month of July 91 men were committed to the Central Prison, while six men were pardoned by the Governor-General. The total number of men in the Central Prison on July 31st was 304.



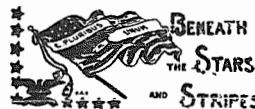
Since his return from Scandinavia, the final account of which is told by Major Douglas once more in interesting and instructive style, the General has been busy. For the first twenty-four hours, he felt the reversion of his numerous meetings and fatiguing journeys, while the intense heat added to his discomfort.

Brigadier Emerson is arranging great things for the seaside corps of the Eastern Province for Bank Holiday. All the Norwich bands, (concertina, brass, etc.) are being allocated to different seaside resorts for the week-end. This should prove a great attraction and power for good amongst the holiday-making crowds who will flock to these places for a snatch of fresh sea-air.

The International Headquarters Building Department has already commenced the repairs and alterations which have so long been needed in the Congress Hall. Both the Training Home and hall will come under the restoring hand. It is computed that the repairs will take some months, and it is more than likely that the corps will have to fight for some short period in the open-air, just as the Rink did.

Colonel Lawley sums up and describes the General's recent tour as follows: "We began with floods in Christiania, and ended with flames."

Commissioner Howard has not returned with the party who accompanied the General on his Scandinavian tour. He will, however, return to England in a few days.



The Commander's Californian Campaign had a magnificent start at San Francisco. Bishop Nichols and Major-General Schafter spoke at the reception in the Metropolitan Temple. The Commander visited the St. Quentin Prison, where we have a regular corps among the convicts; six prisoners sought salvation.

In addition to his duties as Editor-in-Chief, Lieut.-Colonel Brewster has been called upon to organize an entirely new department, namely, a National Lecture Bureau. Many promising invitations have been refused for want of a department, which would organize and arrange for a regular series of lectures and lecturers on Salvation Army work. The entire National staff will co-operate in furnishing various interesting lectures, and a list of subjects will be furnished by the Colonel to all who may apply. Many of the lectures will be illustrated with stereoscopic pictures, while others will be brightened with music and song.

"During our first six months on the Hawaiian Islands," Major Wood writes, "we have had 282 souls reported, and out of these we have increased our soldiers' roll by 41, every corps showing an increase. Our Coast War Cry sale has gone up 400 copies;

Japanese Cry 425, while we have just received a shipment of 350 Chinese Cry, which we shall have no difficulty in getting rid of. Young Soldier sales have also gone up three 4's. Our Local Officers now number 23 more; knee-drills have doubled 4's since at the same 50. Open-air attendance shows a rise of 600 weekly, so that it is easily seen that our new soldiers and converts do not shrink the open-air."

There are eight Training Garrisons in the United States.

The Divisional Brigade had 120 souls at Fayette, Missouri.

The first Chinese convert made by the San Francisco work is still a member of that corps.

Adj. and Mrs. Montgomery are residing now in the Mission, San Francisco, and are affiliating with the No. 4 corps.

There is one little bound-foot girl among the Chinese at Pacific Grove. She is not permitted to go on the streets, but Capt. Nellie Banks is allowed to teach her at home.

Chinese Salvationists scatter far and wide over the world. Out of the San Francisco corps five have returned to China, one went to Alaska, one to Portland, Ore., and another sails the sea in the capacity of cook on an American war vessel.



The General conducted the Velddag (the Hollandish Salvation Army Field Day) in a splendid part at Harlem, graciously placed at the disposal of the Army by the burgomaster of the city.

Many Belgian comrades wishing to prove their loyalty to the Army and the General attended the Velddag. Mrs. Colonel Cosandey was present with her eldest son.

At the end of the evening meeting sixteen persons were kneeling at the penitent form.

The Social Work is doing fairly well, especially at La Hague, where already two or three branches of the work are opened regularly.



The corps at Bologna, Florence, and Milan are pushing the war actively. Three Candidates from the last corps entered the Turin Training Home a few days ago.

In Pisa our comrades are working under critical circumstances. They are nevertheless fighting with faith, courage, and the spirit that knows how to overcome difficulties.



Our Spanish comrades in Buenos Ayres rejoice that the quarantine has been declared off. Brigadier Penrice, on the same day, started on an extensive trip all over the territory, and several officers were able to leave the city in order to attend to their special duties.

A municipal inspector visited lately our newly built Night Shelter. A few days after his visit the corporation of the city sent a substantial donation for the Shelter.

Capt. Bettex, who, with a Cadet, started for a tour in the interior, has already met with many adventures. In a city of Uruguay, both men, on account of their uniform, were mistaken for revolutionists, and brought before the police magistrate. After a short interview, and a few words of explanation, they were released, not without having received a good hand-shake from the police officer.



On the 14th of July, the French national day, the different divisions of the territory made great public demonstrations. The gathering of the South-Eastern Division was led by Commissioner Booth-Hellberg.

Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg is better. She was again at the front on the 6th of July, and is already intending to lead a special campaign of salvationists in the different corps of the French capital.

The Kiosque of the Salvation Army at the Fair is in charge of Capt. Pellet, an experienced officer, who is able to speak fluently several modern languages.

The Kiosque is attracting many visitors. Two doctors congratulated our representatives for the good work accomplished by the Army among drunkards and dissolute people. Two Catholic priests manifested their warm sympathy for our work, and one of them bought a Bible. A few, after having asked information about the Army, promised to attend our meetings. A great many other visitors have already shown, in different ways, their interest and sympathy for the Army.

### A Comical Customer.

A curious little old woman put in an appearance at an Australian Rescue Home some months ago, and asked to see the "head of the house." The English in charge, to amuse, and the old lady acquainted her with the fact that she hailed from the "scrub," where she had spent all her life. Domestic relations had, however, become strained between her and her aboriginal husband, "Barney," who had beaten her sorely, and, acting, as she averred, on the advice of the magistrate, she had left him and come to the Army. Would "missus" give her a shake-down? She was taken in, and whilst putting her through her feelings, the officer asked her how long it was since she had had a bath. "Specs I dunno 'bout a bath," was the reply. "I always bogie in the creek." She was supplied with towels and soap, and taken to the lavatory, and left there. In a few minutes she marched into the kitchen. "I say, missus, you told me to wash; have looked everywhere, but can't find water." Patently did the officer take her back and explain how the water came through the pipes, turned it on and again left her. Presently she rushed into the kitchen again in great consternation, pale, and trembling. "Law, missus, come here quick; I found the water, but it's all raw!" "What water?" she asked. "The hot, of course, neglected to put the plug in. She could not understand why she was treated so kindly in the Home. "Oh, it's like heaven," she used to say. Her ideas as to spiritual matters were of the haziest, but after a great deal of explanation, she appeared to grasp the truth, and professed conversion. The old lady is still in the Home, and lives up to the light she has.

The manner in which you spend your leisure is determining how you will spend eternity.

Many people claim to trust God who find that they are mistaken when the bank breaks.



## COLONEL JACOBS

CONDUCTS A

Six Days' Tent Campaign at Dufferin Grove, Toronto.

## Introductory.

The following remarks on the Chief Secretary's Tent Campaign in Toronto will give our readers an idea of the great success that attended it. The dates were from August 31st to August 6th, the last date being Toronto's Civic Holiday, when all the local corps united for the occasion.

The Colonel was assisted by Staff-Captains Stanion and Creighton, besides other Headquarters' Officers. Staff-Capt. Stanion was the Colonel's chief support, while Staff-Captain Creighton took charge of the open-air work and the music.

## The "Why and Wherefore."

First and foremost, the glory of God and the salvation and sanctification of sinners and saints. Then we rather think that the Colonel remembered the coming Civic Holiday, and decided to give the Toronto braves a chance to spend the day in direct salvation effort.

## The Locality, etc.

The tent was pitched in Dufferin Grove, in the West End of the city. While not able to lay much claim to beauty, the Grove was pleasant, and the trees cast a grateful shade. (See next paragraph for necessity of shade trees.) Dovercourt and Edgar St. corps were the only two directly interested, for their halls were closed during the special effort. Of course, on Monday the whole city corps united for the day. The tent was a large one, surrounded by a picket fence, and the comfortable seats and chairs put the audience at ease, which is not always possible where only planks are used.

## The Weather.

Not a drop of rain interfered with our arrangements, but the absence of rain was counterbalanced on the Sun day and Monday by the abnormal heat. It was simply outrageous! The thermometer stood near 89°, the hottest in 46 years, and with only one exception, in 60 years. The Colonel had a free Turkish bath in every meeting, the perspiration rolling down his face. Thanks, however, to the excellent location of the tent, the trees broke the piercing rays of the sun, and despite the heat, the audience remained generally to the close of the meeting.

## The Prayer Meetings.

"The most important part of the proceedings is the prayer meeting. I repeated the Colonel many times. When it is stated that in every meeting but one there were visible results, one can put it down as a dead certainty that the prayer meetings were run on sound principles. The sinners were got together, the sinners and unsanctified made to feel they were set apart, the door closed, and a steady, fervent prayer for deliverance made. The results amply justify the extra care and effort.

## The Singing.

No one enjoys a good sing more than the Colonel, and on the other hand, no one abominates a poor one more. It is, therefore, unnecessary to state that we had good salvation singing. The tunes and words were all well-known, and it was a matter of compulsion for all to join in. A few brass and string instruments were used to encourage the singing. Those who were at the wind-up of the meetings on Monday afternoon and night will likely refer to the hearty united singing as a foretaste of heaven. Without doubt the effect upon the "almost persuaded" was remarkable. They couldn't resist it.

## The Open-Airs.

These are under the special care and attention of Staff-Capt. Creighton and were, as a rule, of a full hour's duration. The Edgar St. brass band, assisted by a few musical visitors from Headquarters, furnished good music.

On Monday afternoon and night the ring assumed enormous proportions, and the enthusiastic testimonies of Spouting Jimmy, "Colonel" Matchett, Jim McElroy, Joe Brown, and a whole host of others, were enjoyed to the full. They were literally bubbling over with joy, and had to work it off in a good salvation dance. The Lisgar St. and Dovercourt soldiers turned out splendidly at every occasion, and helped make the open-air what they were.

## The Results.

It is gratifying to state that, during the series of meetings 55 souls sought the salvific: a sanctification of their souls. Considering the oppressive heat, and other attractions, we have cause to be thankful to God. As far as we could judge, the work done at the penitential form was deep and genuine. A thorough conviction seemed to precede the surrender.

## The Colonel.

It is safe to say that the Chief Secretary was at his best. His addresses were of the soul-grabbing type. Thoughtful, convincing, full of bite, and delivered with characteristic energy, they commanded the attention



August 7th, 1900.

## THE CHINESE SITUATION.

According to the news received this morning, from an unofficial source, the allied troops have begun their advance on Peking. They have reached Tientsin, where they had a severe battle with a strong Chinese force, which was ultimately driven back from a well-chosen position. The allied troops lost twelve hundred men in killed and wounded, chiefly Russians and Japanese. The Foreign Ministers in Peking were reported to be alive and supplied with food by the Chinese authorities, while another telegram announces that Foreign Ministers had left Peking for Tien Tsin. Allied troops at Peking are estimated at sixteen thousand. The Russians have had repeated fighting with the Chinese troops along the north-easterly border of China.

railled and attacked twenty miles south of Kwantung. The Boers captured forty prisoners, but released them at the request of the American Consul-General. Portugal has dismissed all customs officials and railway employees at Lorenzo Marques, and replaced them by military officers.

-HIO-

## INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

Prince Alfred, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, second son of Queen Victoria, died at Cobourg, on July 31st, of heart failure. The Duke was previously known as the Duke of Edinburgh. Four cases and two deaths of bubonic plague are reported from London. The negro persecutions at New Orleans are still continuing. A fine school for colored children, and a number of the best residences of colored people, have been destroyed. Forest fires in Newfoundland have destroyed the town of Sops Arm. Four thousand Paris cab-drivers have gone on strike, demanding a lower rate for running vehicles. Lucy Tuck, and five other anarchists, were arrested at Chicago, which caused a considerable riot. Two Americans, father and son, fell from a precipice in the Swiss Alps, and were killed. An attempt was made to assassinate the Shah of Persia, at Paris. The revolver of the offender refused to discharge. The would-be assassin has been arrested.

-HIO-

## CANADIAN NEWS.

The militia had to be called out in connection with the Cotton Mills strike, at Magog, Que.—Colonel O'Brien reports that seven hundred of the Canadian forces are now ready for service.—A flowing well of mineral water was discovered at Chatham at a depth of 384 feet.—The Cataract Power Co. has offered the city of Hamilton, in exchange for the right of way through the city, a first-class line of electric railway to Galt and Guelph.—Through telegraph communication to Dawson City will be established by October 1st.—Three hundred Roumanian Jews, who arrived in Montreal by steamer, have been detained there because they have no means of support.—The thermometer registered ninety-eight in the shade in Toronto on August 6th, the highest in forty-six years.

## MAJOR PICKERING AT HALIFAX.

(By wire.)

A most hearty reception was given to Major Pickering at Halifax. A most noble day's fight was made on Sunday. Good crowds, splendid collections, \$34; and ten souls in the Fountain.—Adj. Fraser.

## MRS. READ'S HALIFAX MEETINGS.

(By wire too late for last issue.)

Successful finale of the Halifax campaign. Rescue and Maternity Homes have been opened with an appreciative representative audience; four denominations were represented by clergy. Chairman, Mr. McIntosh, Church of England Clergyman. Others present were: Dr. McMillan; Dr. Courtice, Editor of the Christian Guardian; Mrs. Archibald, President of the W. C. T. U. and others. Rescue work, Fort Massey, was recommended. Social meeting, Professor Carry, of Pinehill College, promised co-operation. Financial result of meeting was over two hundred dollars for Homes. The Press gave good reports. Success is assured. Good week-end at Yarmouth.—Mrs. Read.

If sin could not hide its face none but devils would love it.

Waru love burns further than the keenest intellect can pierce.

There is more life in one grain of wheat than there is in a bushel of chaff.



## HARVEST FESTIVAL

- 1900 -

September 29 and 30,  
and October 1 and 2.

of all in the audience from the start to finish. It was a moral impossibility for anyone, even with but a small amount of concern about their soul, to escape conviction. The Spirit of God most assuredly rested upon the Colonel and his words were borne right to the heart. Perhaps his finest effort was the last meeting, when he drew such powerful illustrations from Samson's fall, that at the altar no less than 21 sought God. The officers present gave a unanimous testimony to the help and blessing received through the Colonel.

The man who will steal chickens is often found hiding behind a hypocrite in the church.

If it is not summer in the heart, it is because we have turned our little world away from God.

The comfort of God is for the serving of the heart before the battle as well as for its soothing afterwards.

God now and then suffers one man to be thrown into a heap of ordure that millions of others may be kept out.

It is hard to convince a worldling that a sin is black clear through, as long as he can hear gold jingling in his pocket.

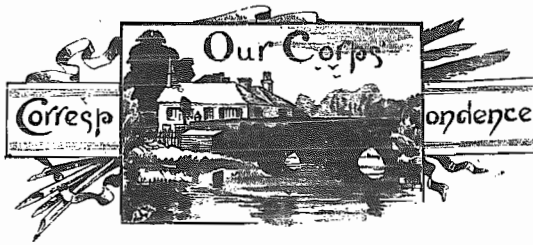
The massacre of native Christians and Missionaries is still going on.—Admiral Seymour has landed three thousand British troops for the defence of Shanghai, with the sanction of the Viceroy of Nankin.—The Russians engaged the Chinese at Hung-han, capturing twenty-four guns and driving four thousand Chinese before them.

-HIO-

## THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The surrender of one thousand Boers to General Hunter, which we reported last week, has been followed by the surrender of several other bodies of Free State Boers. Altogether General Hunter reports over three thousand Boer prisoners; nine guns were also surrendered.—General De Wet, with his force, is still at large; he is reported to be completely surrounded.—A number of residents of Pretoria have been exiled for offences against British subjects. The terms of exile vary. In one instance reaching twenty-five years.—General Baden-Powell is reported to have been wounded in an engagement near Rustenburg.—The British force advancing against the Transvaal Boers have entrenched themselves in a strong position.—The Boers expect to make a stand at Machadoodorp. They are reported to be short of food and ammunition.—A train was de-





## Some New Literature.

**NORTH SYDNEY.**—Week-end meetings led by Adj. Howell, our new D. O. Meetings grand, crowds and collections up to G. Some said, "Why, that man must be crazy," when he was the means of attracting about 600 people around the open-air rink. Capt. and Mrs. Thompson are making things hum in the right direction. Our barracks is much improved by the addition of the new chairs and lamps. Two souls for the week. Come again, Adjutant, and bring Mrs. Dowell-Minnie Pike, Sec.

**GOOSEBERRY ISLAND.**—Nid.—We are having beautiful times here. Although we are not getting many souls, we are praying and believing. Farewell meeting on Sunday of Captain Bishop, who has gone to New Bay. We pray that God will go with her—Lieut. Parsons.

## Ice Cream Social.

**DAUPHIN.**—Had an ice cream social this week, and cleared \$17.22. Praise God! There are a number of our comrades away in the country, which has lowered our numbers in the open-air; still we have to thank God for some who remain and are fighters. One soul last night.—Capt. Geo. S. Gamble, C. O.

## Ensign Williams Prevented an Accident.

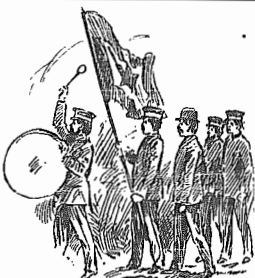
**MONTREAL.**—On Thursday night July 26th, we welcomed Staff-Capt. Thuditt as Chancellor of our Province. Brigadier Piquaire was master of ceremonies, and with the co-operation of old No. 1. comrades, you can reckon we had a good time. The weather was hot, and enthusiasm ran high, and Ensign Williams, who is always anxious to save an accident, had provided ice cream and cake as a preventative on this occasion. On Sunday last, in spite of a hard fight, God gave us one more soul as a reward of our faithfulness. Old No. 1. is in a good healthy condition. Our marauders for last week were the largest for years.—H. Titus, for Ensign and Mrs. Williams.

## This Saint Makes Things Sweet.

**LEWISTON, Idaho.**—We are marching on here. Although you don't hear from us much, yet we are in for victory. On Wednesday we had a drink to help us in the open-air. He helped us to sing, and then took up a collection for us. May God bless him in our prayer. On Thursday night good meeting. One dear man gave his heart to God. To Him be all the glory.—Cadet Sweet, for Lieut. Saint.

## A Good Start—Three Souls.

**ST. JOHNS H.L., Nid.**—Since our last report we have welcomed in our midst our new officer, Ensign Stalger. Already we feel she is the right person in the right place. Sunday's meetings were real things of blessing. We closed at night with three seekers at the cross.—Selma Morgan, R.C.

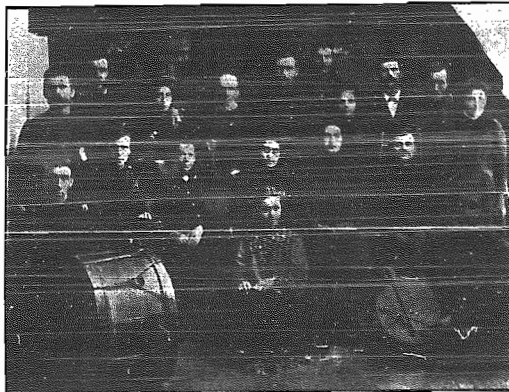


Compel Them to Come In.

## A Good Send-off.

**COATICOOKE.**—After a stay of nearly four months, Capt. Owens received orders to farewell. The last meeting was held Sunday, July 22. The barracks was packed, and a number were unable to gain admission. On the platform were the Rev. C. A. Sykes, Methodist, and the Rev. J. H. Hunter, Baptist, both of whom addressed the meeting and spoke of their association with the Captain in a very kindly way. Capt. Owens sang, "Then I Shall See Him Face to Face," and spoke a few words of farewell, and remarked that at his welcome meeting he had one to welcome him, but thanked God things are changed and that souls had been saved. At the close one soul expressed the desire to lead a better life.—One who was there.

**CORNWALL.**—At the memorial service of Mrs. Harrington, Adj. Oz-



S. A. CORPS, NORTH SYDNEY, C.B.

lieve farewelled, after a stay of one year. During which time God has blessed us in many ways, and, best of all, some precious souls have been saved. Though the war demands it, we are sorry to part with one who has cheered and led us on in the fight for so long. May God go with her to her next appointment.—C. E. Rom-bough, J. S. S.-M.

## The P. O. and Chancellor.

**MONTREAL.**—Sunday night we had Brigadier Piquaire and Staff-Capt. Burditt, our new Chancellor, with us, and we had a good time. After a real lively open-air meeting, which was a blessing, we came to the hall, where a good crowd was present to give them a welcome. The Staff-Captain remarked that he had a liking for the Point, as his wife at ways spoke so well of it, when she was better known as Capt. Sadie Turner. However, we had a real good time and our faith ran high for victory. Capt. Grose, an old friend, who is going to Quebec to assist in the Shelter, also had a few words. Staff-Captain spoke from Samuel 20, "There is but a step between me and death." Brigadier read the lesson, which was to backsliders especially, the words, "Remember Lot's wife," being used to show how possible it was to lose our souls by looking back at something which we could not keep and have God's blessing. We went on our knees and a real fight commenced. Several souls were under conviction, and though almost yielding, yet went away unpardoned, we trust to come

again and seek God. However, if the sinners were defected, we were not, and we wish to see the spectacle come again.—W. G.

## A Novel and Up-to-Date Open Air.

**KENTVILLE, N. S.**—Saturday night we had something new in the way of an open-air. The Nova Scotia Carriage Co. kindly lent us their large platform wagon, on which we placed the organ and then officers and soldiers, with cornet, violin, and drums, seated themselves on the wagon, and with Sister Nicholson at the organ, and Lieut. McWilliams to drive the horses, we proceeded to "do" the town. After passing round the square, we stopped near the Post Office, where, for an hour, we carried on a salvation meeting from the wagon. A large crowd listened attentively and drank in the truth, as it is in Jesus, as it fell from our lips in song, chorus, and testimony. At the close a number of us got down from the wagon and held a prayer meeting, using the drum for a pentagon form, though there were no visible results, as far as the sinners were concerned, but with rich blessings to our souls, knowing that the word will not return void. A. Jess, R. C.

**YORKVILLE.**—Adj. Atwell conducted a very profitable and blessed week-end at this corps. One sister, after a long search for the open-air, on Saturday night, found it and straight away knelt at the drum-head, where she found salvation, which she testified to on Sunday. The meetings all day Sunday, especially the knee-



Capt. Fell, Gratton, N.D.

many souls in their new field of labor. Ensign Stalger is with us pro tem, as the officers who are to come are having two or three weeks' rest. The crowds are very small during the hot weather. We are still marching on in God's strength, depending on Him for victory. One of our comrades is leaving soon, having been accepted for the work. May God's blessing rest on her wherever she may go. We pray that God may save someone to fill her place.—White Wings.

## 'Appy Jo Gives a Good Account of His Corps.

**KINSMOUNT.**—Attention, I's front. Who sed we war dead or yet sleepin. No, were all alive, an best of all, God is wiv us. Alleluia! We's jus had a visit from Insine Burrows, the travel in financial speshul, akumpand by Kapita Maggy Howcroft. The meetins were grate an inflid by all who ware there. Tuesday nite at Notland rauc kept a lot of peple from attenda, but a real gud toime was spent. Thursday at Kinsmount, we ad a good hope-ful meetin, an a gud crowd inside, subjeit, "Home, sweet home." We done so well and ad such a gud meetin that Insine decided to stay fur Thursday nite, wen another gud crowd came to see the lauten pikura on Stanly in Afrika, which was reely interestin, an sun gud spiritule lessons war taken from it. Finances over ten dollars, a big lakrose on the past. Kapita Howcroft dun gud service in singin, an we all say, Kum agen Insine an Kapita, wen yous kum. Last Sunday nite at Norland I dere sister kame an sori, an we bieve found, salvashun. May God keep her tru. Look out fur more from this corner of the feeld in the near future. —Yours in the war, Appy Jo.

**MOLDEN.**—The Lord blessed us much in our Camp Meetings: had excellent meetings and good crowds, with a few seeking salvation, some of them remarkable cases. Hallelujah!—M. S.

## Enrolled in the Open-Air.

**BAITHE, Vt.**—We are still pressing on towards the Kingdom, and we don't mean to let up until we get there. We had very good meetings on Sunday. Bro. Bell was enrolled in the open-air meeting at night, in front of a large crowd. Ensign and Mrs. Sims have farewelled after laboring a little over nine months with us. We pray that God will bless them and give them a rich harvest of souls in their new station.—Zachurus.



The Most Pleasing Finish to Our Meetings.



It will hurt you more to live a day without prayer than to live it without bread.



# HALIFAX'S WEEK OF VICTORY.

### Lt.-Col. Mrs. Read Conducts Successful Campaign.

**New Maternity and Rescue Home Opened—Many Denominations Represented—  
Doctors of Divinity Talk—Fourteen Souls at the Cross—Over \$200 for the  
Rescue Work—Press Report Well—Future Bright.**

For some time past all the city Salvationists, especially the Women's Social Department, have been eagerly looking forward to, and preparing the way for, the coming visit of the Women's Social Superintendent, which was to be attended by a week's special meetings, and also by the opening of the new Rescue and Maternity Home.

At length the 19th came, on which the Lieutenant-Governor was to arrive and inaugurate the series of meetings. Staff-Capt. Jost had arranged a nice quiet tea and social gathering for officers only, at the new Home, on Thursday afternoon, where a very pleasant hour was spent.

The welcome meeting was held in No. 1 barracks. When the march and open-air were concluded we found a good crowd of appreciative on-lookers gathered to witness the parade conducted by Adj. Fraser in his usually happy way. Short addresses were given by different representative officers. Capt. McElheney, of Dartmouth, spoke on behalf of the officers of the various regiments. Lieut. Hoggan of the Men's Social work. Adjt. Jost and McDonald represented the Women's Social, and Mrs. Adjt. Fraser the Staff. After those greetings the Colonel announced that she had some personal duties to perform, and of course, all listened attentively to hear what was to come. Mrs. Read then called upon Cadet Clark, and promoted her to the rank of Lieutenant. Volleys! Drums! Horns! Voices! "God bless you duty," "I have still another happy duty," and referring to Adj. Jost's faithfulness and toil, which had been crowned by so much success, she said she had pleasure in the name of the Commissioner, in the name of the Commissioner, Staff Captain, leader volleys, and many a "God bless you!"

Capt. Percy soloed, and then Mrs. Read rose amid loud applause to give a Bible reading. She read of Christ. In His different attitudes to the people, teaching us all that He is always interested in us whatever our need may be. After a short prayer meeting we closed, feeling that the campaign had a good beginning.

Next announcement was a mid-night open-air battle to be fought in Alhambra Street. So on Friday night, at 10-30 o'clock prayers and songs could be heard in the vicinity of No. 1, where the "war" was to be fought. "The first move" may be found. "What shall I say of the scene? I had rather that the task of reporting had fallen into more capable hands, or, if I must report, I would rather, for draw the curtain over the scene, than to report it. The scene was a pleasant gathering. But facts are facts, and stern things, too. The march halted in one of the worst parts of this ill-reputed street, and Adk. Fraser, assisted by Esau Glen, and a few others, were ordered to be driven back, from the salaried, and Acus



### The Boom of the Dram Brings Them Out of the Saloon

of iniquity as the music and song broke forth on the beautiful midnight air, mingled with the onths and cusses and the giddy laugh and song of the inhabitants and frequenters of these places of vice. The Colonel sent out small attacking parties to visit in and out among the girls, while she herself went with one party, and I understood that some who trifled most at the first were forced at last to admit that they were very unhappy indeed. We had two large open-air meetings and Mrs. Read led

a meeting in a Mission Hall, which was kindly lent. The meeting closed at 1 a.m., with a big man, who was a big sinner, in the Fountain. He testified, with tearful eyes, that he had once loved and served God, but like so many others, had wandered far away. He said he believed it was God Who led him to the meeting that night.

**Ladies' Meeting, Fort Massey.**

The meeting on Saturday afternoon in the Fort Massey Church, was well attended by ladies, there being a hundred present. Mrs. McIntosh, President of the Board of Management of the Infants' Home, presided, and after Mrs. Read's address, other ladies spoke warmly of the work. A good offering was secured.

The Colonel had kindly consented to speak to the men at the Hurbor, on Sunday, at 9:45 a.m., but, through being overweary with the heavy strain of her tour, she was unable to do so much, to the disappointment of both officers and men.

A good crowd assembled at 11 a.m. for the holiness meeting. The Colonel's talk on "Equipment for Service," was beyond description, and cannot fail to bring about good results.

A forty-five-minute meeting at the jail had been specially arranged by Ensign Collier, and at 2 p.m. Mrs. Read, accompanied by a few workers, entered the jail corridor, in which all the male inmates were assembled. Sergt. Major Collins introduced the Colonel. Ensign Collier gave out a song from the Cry, and then the Colonel prayed and Captain Pearey soloed. Mrs. Read read and spoke feelingly. After a solo from Bro.

teemingly. After a solo from Bro. Ford, we held a short prayer service and five men held up their hands for prayer, which delighted all our hearts.

At No. 1 barracks a large crowd had assembled, in spite of it being the hottest day of the season, to hear of the League of Mercy and Prisoner work. The Colonel spoke at some length, and many were moved to tears as she told of the touching scenes with which she had personally come in contact, and of some of the great results which had been accomplished.

The night was very sultry, and the building was packed, but the Colonel was at her best. The theme was

"Boundless Salvation," and real conviction came to many hearts while the Colonel spoke, going from one truth to another to show in what way salvation was so great. She said I made martyrs strong in suffering, the soldier boys strong in battle, and the good strong in death, and urged upon all present to neglect no longer the claims of Christ upon them. Ensign Collier took charge of the prayer meeting, which lasted two hours.

was a fight from beginning to end. The enemy was in full strength because he could feel that many of his faithful ones, some for the first time, were about to surrender to him. He turned to the King of Kings. We prayed, we sang, we believed. The gun at Citadel Hill (old of 9:30 o'clock, but none had yet fired) was silent. We were all struggling like veterans in a battle. At last a woman came, then a little later a fine, stalwart man coollly walked out, then a Royal Artillery man, in full uniform, who had been shot in the back. He turned back from the back of the hall and threw himself, slus and all, down at the Mercy Seat. We rejoiced. Then another soldier, in a few minutes a young jacketed cadet, came, crying from almost the back of the hall, and side by side they wept out their hearts' sorrows in the enr of His Majesty's House. And thus it was that all these and testified and we have sung, and danced, and shouted, a dead man left his wife in the seat and dropped at the penitent form, and we all wept and prayed and helped him. When Capt. Ferguson, and

with him he said, "I want my wife to come." He soon found pardon, because he came in the right way, and to the right place. He rose to his feet, told of his determinations and decisions, and then immediately went to try and bring his wife, but she would not yield. Then we prayed and went to our homes. Thus ended one of the best Sundays No. 1. has seen for many a day.

### Dartmouth's Social Meeting.

All the city and Dartmouth Salvationists united in the Monday night Socialist meeting at the Dartmouth Methodist Church. The meeting, which was well attended, was presided over by His Worship Mayor Johnson, of Dartmouth. After a hymn and prayer by the pastor of the church, the chairman introduced the speaker of the evening.

The Colonel dealt with the Women's Social from various standpoints, and the stories of sin and suffering, and also of grace and victory, were remarkable, and interested her audience until a late hour.

Staff-Capt. Jost spoke of the local work and asked for a collection, which was cheerfully given. At the close of the meeting some ladies presented the Colonel with a beautiful bunch of cut roses.

**Fort Massey Church.**

Tuesday night found us at North Massey Church, Halifax, for another Social meeting. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Dr. Currie, Professor of Theology at the Pine Hill College, who ably "filled the bill." He spoke of the importance and sincere terms of the great work of the Army's Social operations, and introduced Mrs. Read. The Colonel gave an address dealing with the cause of the need for such Homes as the Army, and the success of the Army's efforts. Mr. James McIntosh said some most practical things regarding finances, and after singing and prayer this interesting meeting came to a close. The Principal of the school, and many of the many leading people were present, and manifested the deepest interest.

### The Homes Opened.

Wednesday, the flume. Clouds hung over the city and drops of rain came now and then, and many feared that the weather was not going to be the most favorable for the opening of the new Home, which was to take place at 4:30 in the afternoon. For some hours before the time visitors, who were waiting for the meeting, had been passing through the streets and hallways, inspecting the Home, having a word with the bright-faced children and other inmates. As the time went by the clouds and fog became thicker and more threatening; than before, but the friends and sympathizers came, and at the time of the opening a good representative crowd thronged the rooms set apart for the meeting.

The chair was occupied by Mr. Jos. Melnotch, who called upon the Rev. Mr. McMillan, of Chalmers' Presby-terian Church, to open the service with prayer. Then the chairman gave an address which was one of the most practical for such an occasion. He said he had often heard of the Stimmessingers, which was a new thing, and he remarked that this was a good illustration of it. He said that the object of this double Home was not to prevent but to cure. The preventives should be done in the Sunday School and churches. He regretted that there was no medical institution here, but it was nevertheless a good thing it did. He wished every lady and gentleman present to view things this day from a business standpoint, and to remember that neither the inmates, children, officers, nor nurses could live on bread and butter, and that neither could the hospital be kept open. He made a fine, bright boy or girl out of Home as payment for their bills. They might be led to do so once, but they would not like to keep on month after month. He also reminded all present that outside of this Home there was no other place in the city except Borkhead for the reception of this class of people could be sent. He also spoke very highly of the large percentage of satisfactory cases. He then introduced Mrs. Read, the Colonial spoke of the success of similar colonies in other cities where it had been carried on the same way. He mentioned interesting incidents of Rescue and in speaking of the future of the



### Testimonies "All Over the Shop."

Home, she said she wanted the officers to be free from as many financial burdens as possible, so as to be able to devote all the more time to the work which lay nearest to their hearts.

Mrs. Read also read a congratulatory message from the Commissioner expressing her confidence in the work, and conveying her greetings and good wishes to all.

When the chairman rose he asked any lady or gentleman who had anything practical to say, to have a word with the Rev. Mr. Armstrong, minister, rose from his place and said he had been much pleased with the address he had heard, and was sure that the cause of the poor would come forward with their support. He said he believed in the work of the Army, and spoke of the work of the committee, which he had understood at Rockhead Prison, and the help he had given to the hands of Salvationists. He urged on those present to be practical in their support of the cause, and he was elected of the Synod in Ireland, when his brother lost his purse. One after another expressed their sympathy with the cause, and the chairman said, "I sympathize with our brother to the extent of a five-pound note," and in conclusion he would say that he had been glad to hear the new Home to the extent of \$100.

Rev. Dr. McMillan, of the Chalmers Presbyterian Church, said he was sorry he could not do as his friends wished, but as the pastor of not a wealthy congregation, he would guarantee the usual thanksgiving offering from his church to the Rescue Home to be doubled this year, and he would give a personal donation into the bargain.

Mr. John Burgoyne, of the Halifax Herald, was the next speaker. He said he regretted that he was not one of the two producers had seen the play, but he was sure that if the people of Halifax would do as he had just done, namely, walk leisurely into the theatre, and sit down to the music and talk with the dear little children, there would be no difficulty in maintaining the Home. He compared the Home with that of the street walk. He spoke of how appropriate was the name, "Rescue," for such a Home, especially carried out by the women. He thought the Home was the Rescue and Salvation were another pair of Salvation twins. Mr. Burgoyne is an old supporter of the Home, and he guaranteed that the future would receive more attention than ever, and that he would also do all the influence he could put into the Home, and practical help to his friends.

Rev. Dr. Courtice, Editor of the Methodist Christian Guardian, of Toronto, was the next speaker. He said he was a stranger to all present, except that he had met Mrs. Read in Toronto. He assured the citizens that what he had seen of the Army Rescue Work in Toronto made him feel quite safe in saying that the best hopes would be realized in the new Home, and they would find it work worthy of their support and confidence.

Mrs. Chas. Archbold, a well-known Christian lady and President of the W. C. T. U., spoke next. She told her love for the work of Rescue, her visits to the vilest parts of the city, and of personal interviews with many fallen women. She said that the citizens who would not contribute, or were not converted, could not support it themselves, should support it by their money and friendship. This lady is also an old friend and supporter of the Women's Service work, but she said that in the future her quarterly subscriptions should be doubled. Mrs. Archbold said she was sure that all who attended that W. C. T. U. service would go away humbled and that some would be converted. She thought that so little had been done, and that all Christians should go home



pray for the success of the new undertaking.

Miss Bartlett, a City Missionary, was the last speaker. She said she would have many pleasant memories of that day's gathering.

Staff-Capt. Just read the Balance Sheet for the past six months. The closing prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Archibald, and all felt, as many groups of officers and friends chanted for a few minutes together, that a very profitable time had been spent.

The present financial result of the meeting was \$170, making over \$200 for the Homes through Mrs. Read's meetings. All the city papers have lengthy reports of the opening of the Home.

The pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle gave some good ideas of how to get the different churches interested in the Home. His proposals ran on this line, that an evening be set apart for each congregation to visit the Home, and have a nice bright service of some sort, so as to enlist the sympathies of the church people. He said he would bring his congregation to begin with, which kind offer was accepted by Mrs. Read, and an evening will be set apart for the congregation of the Tabernacle, Wednesday night.

#### Farewell Meeting.

The wind-up was on No. 1. The week seemed much too short for us all. A good crowd was present for the last words. The meeting, led by Adjt. Fraser, was of a lively nature. Mrs. Capt. McElhenney soloed. Capt. Butler, of the new Maternity Home, spoke of her work, and said she was happy behind the scenes. Miss Bartlett, City Missionary, had a few words, and then Mrs. Read asked for a collection. Adjt. Fraser thanked our visitor for the blessing of the week's campaign. Ensign Collier and Capt. Penrose sang a duet. Adjt. Fraser spoke, and the Colonel read the 23rd Psalm, dwelling on all the points. The prayer meeting was led by Ensign Collier, and one sister came home to God. We sang "God be with you till we meet again." Adjt. Fraser prayed, and we gathered round the Colonel for a last handshake. Thus we closed one of the best week's meetings the writer has ever been privileged to attend, feeling that a better and more lasting impression for good had been left on the people of Hallifax than had been known for a long time. If, indeed, ever before. We say unanimously, "Come again, soon."

#### He was the Only One in His Company that was not Taken Down Sick.

So much for the salvation of our God. Treas. Graber was converted amongst the Free Methodists, but his wife being a Salvationist, and falling in love with the Army himself, he became a soldier under Capt. Norwood. He is a German by birth, a cook by trade, and has lived in Spokane about eleven years. His wife, with himself, is a thorough Salvationist, and was converted under Capt. Bigney, and they are training their children for God and the war.

Secretary Southwood has just returned from Cape Nome, where he and his brother went a few months ago to try his fortune in "Beach Digging"; as they had to make the most of time in starting for that distant land, his brother, who had started to erect a dwelling, had to abandon the putting on of the roof, remarking that in all probability he would be able to cover the same with gold when he returned; but he is of the opinion that shingles are quite good enough now. The Secretary was converted in Spokane in '92, under Ensign McAbee, and has been a soldier ever since. He loves the S. A.

The J. S. work has progressed very favorably under the leadership of Sergt.-Major Forey and his aides, Sergts. Collier, Kelly and Hutchison. The Sergt.-Major is of Dutch extraction, and was saved while

fore I have only given an insight into the lives of a few of its soldiers, but there are other good, steady, faithful warriors, without which the corps could not exist, especially in the West.

The late officers, Adjt. Babbington, Capt. Noble and Lieut. Johnson, did a good work during the eight months they were stationed here, when over one hundred souls knelt at the Mercy Seat, amongst them being some tough characters, and, thank God, many are remaining true, some in Spokane and some scattered in different parts of the country.

A few months ago a bicycle thief knelt at the penitent form, and there confessed to making \$40 and \$50 per night. For the same he is now putting in a term of three years in the State Penitentiary, the jailer telling me that it was mostly his own evidence that convicted him. The last time I had the privilege of speaking to him before he went away, he told me he was keeping nicely saved.

A young fellow who had been attending the Business College came to the meetings and got properly saved, donned the Army cap and S's, and there lived such a consistent life that his father wanted him to stay longer in the city, under the influence of the Army, his teacher also testifying to the change; he is now with his father on the farm a few miles out of Spokane, and taking charge of the Epworth League in the church near by. He promises to make an officer. Two

off. Walking became more and more difficult to him; the least excitement in a meeting affected his heart, and he insists to the international Headquarters, because of the terrible heat of the last few days tried him much. Last Tuesday, he intended to be present as usual at the afternoon meeting of the Cadets, but Commissioner Rees foresaw the exhaustion and danger that might follow by his presence, begged him not to come, to which the Commissioner reluctantly consented. The meeting had scarcely begun, however, when the Commissioner's venerable form appeared. Throwing himself into the arm-chair he whispered to Commissioner Rees, "I felt I had to come," and that afternoon he did a new thing. His characteristic humility forbade him to push himself forward, but on this particular occasion he asked to be allowed to take Major Centennial's place. Commissioner Rees said he, "I have a message which I must read. God gave me the message last night, and has sent me to deliver it." His request was cheerfully complied with, and, addressing the missioners Rees, "Soldiers of God, did he speak as he did then, with more tenderness and spiritual yearning, from the words, 'Full of faith, and the love of God'?"

On the following Thursday he went down to our Farm Colony, at Hadleigh, for a few days' change and rest, intending to return to London to take part in the day's outing of the Cadets the following Tuesday.

On Friday, Mrs. Dowdle became somewhat concerned owing to the difficulty of the Commissioner's breathing and general restlessness, which continued, with slight intervals of sleep, till one o'clock on Saturday afternoon, when she was alarmed at his symptoms.

Dr. Grant, who had prescribed for him shortly after his arrival on the Colony, was sent for at once; but both he and Brigadier Mapp, by a strange intuitiveness, were already on the way to Park House, where the Commissioner was staying.

On the Brigadier entering the room, the Commissioner said, "Hold me up" and as he, with the assistance of Mrs. Dowdle, utterly exhausted by nights of nursing, attempted to do so, the arms of our comrade gave way, and his color distinctly changed.

A few minutes afterwards the doctor arrived, and going up to the bedside and touching the Commissioner's pulse, pronounced that his heart had just ceased to beat. Peacefully, quietly, the warrior laid down his sword, and entered through the veil.

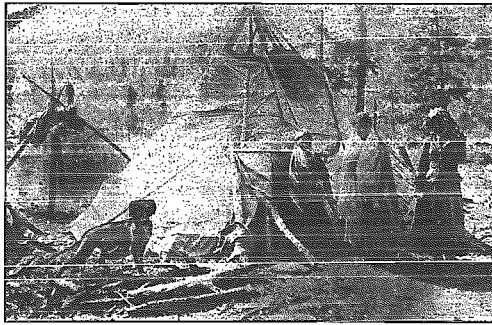
The intelligence soon spread throughout the Colony, and many were the ready, loving hearts to rally to Mrs. Dowdle's help.

The General was immediately informed of the commissioner's death, and he wired what has been accepted as the verdict of all who knew Commissioner Dowdle, "He has fought a good fight, he has won the crown!"

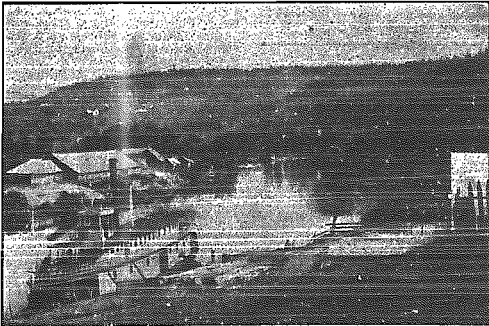
The General, to signify the sense of the loss the Army has sustained on earth by the death of the Commissioner, and love and admiration for his character and service, will conduct the memorial services.

The first service took place in the Congress Hall on Saturday, at 2 p.m., from whence the body was carried to Abney Park Cemetery.—A. M. N.

The General in person was to conduct the funeral details, and which have not reached us yet, but we expect to give a full account of it in our next issue.



PRIMITIVE SETTLERS, NEAR SPOKANE.



VIEW ON ST. JOE RIVER, NEAR SPOKANE.

## PACIFIC FORTS.

(Continued from page 5.)

soul, when he returned from the war, he replied he was better than ever; the grace of God was abundantly able to keep even there. While there he saw some terrible sights, but what grieved him most was the sin of his godless companions. It was stated that the only preventative against sickness in that climate was the continual use of tobacco, but our comrade testifies that he had no desire whatever for the use of it; and further states that, as far as he can remember,

studying in his room at Kallispell, Mont. He is a good musician, and besides being the band-master of the corps band, he taught and traveled with the Provincial Band a year or so ago; his occupation is architectural drafting. Before he was saved he studied philosophy a good deal, and was a theosophist, but the first thing he did when God convicted him of sin was to look for

#### A People Who Were Carrying Into Effect the Principles of Jesus Christ.

He came to the conclusion that the Army was the nearest approach to this, and so decided to cast in his lot with us. He did so, and has been a good soldier ever since.

Space will not permit a too lengthy account of the corps in detail, there-

or three old pensioners of the G. A. R. have also knelt for pardon, and now, with others, testify to the power of God to save.

The new officers, Staff-Capt. Galt and Capt. LeDrew, have taken well at the corps, and with the piano in the barracks and organ on the street, things ought to boom. May the old chariot roll on faster than ever until many more shall know of God's pardoning love.

## Commissioner Dowdle HOME AT LAST.

Called from Our Hadleigh Social Colony to His Mansion in the Skies.

The Funeral-Memorial Services are to be Led by the General.

James John Dowdle, by the grace of God Commissioner of the Salvation Army, a giant of faith, a preacher of righteousness, a winner of thousands of souls, and a true soldier of the Blood-and-Fire principles of a conquering Christianity, entered into his eternal rest last Saturday. The event, in the nature of its suddenness, was unexpected. For seven years our beloved comrade was in failing health; more than once he reached the banks of the river and saw, as in visions, the glories of the land on the other side. But his Master, in answer to prevailing faith, continued to spare his servant to undergo fresh trials and work triumphs for Him. For the last two or three weeks, those who were closely associated with him discerned that the end was not far

#### Condition of Village Women in India.

A lady writing among the villagers in India writes: "The women in these villages, our fellow-subjects and our sisters, lead the saddest and most hopeless lives possible. They are not shut up in zenanas, but have their freedom, but, oh! what joyless lives they lead. They are not only taught nothing, but are treated as if they are all their life. If you see a man and his wife walking along the road you will always see the man in front, carrying nothing, and his poor wife walking a little way behind, carrying everything. A servant girl, and another one day with his wife, to sell sweets. When they were going away he lifted the great, fat, heavy basket, full of sweets, on to his wife's head; then put a bundle on that, and some heavy sashes as well, and walked off carrying nothing himself."



# COMPETITION CHAT

**Nigger is Getting Ahead of Mag—Arab Does Well to Get into a Livelier Trot—The Incurrigible East Playing Truant Again.**

By SILAS BELLQUICK.

Well done, Arab! You are a fine blood and acquitting yourself well. You are not caught napping. Nigger was making a fine move, but found you wide awake.

Nigger, my darling, I have always had a warm spot for you in my heart, even though you have been slow to move of late; but I see you are warming up to the game now. Keep at it! Perseverance gains the day. It means steady, unrelaxing, hard push, but it will bring the triumph. I feel it!

Mag, oh, Mag! Why do you drift behind like this? You slackened only three paces, yet it cost you the second place. Come up again, Mag, to the old mark.

The East is absent again, but, alas! not forgotten! What a humiliation to have to leave out a Province which has so many fine hunters! I'm sorry, dear Eastern hunters, that your names have been missed out twice in succession, but you know the remedy. (Whisper)—Ask the P. O., if you don't!

Among the individual competitors, Capt. Gibson, of Arab's Province, takes the lead with 189. Next comes the famous Prairie loss, Cadet Cook, of Winnipeg, with 174. The Yeomanus sisters, Lieut. Parker of the Central and Lieuts. McEwan and Thompson, of East Ontario, are all abreast in the third row with 150 sales. We gladly notice the Pacific Champion, Sister Hawkins, of Great Falls, with 129 copies sold.

God bless you all, my dear hunters, I am sure the knowledge of your accomplishments, and the good done through it, has its own sweet reward.

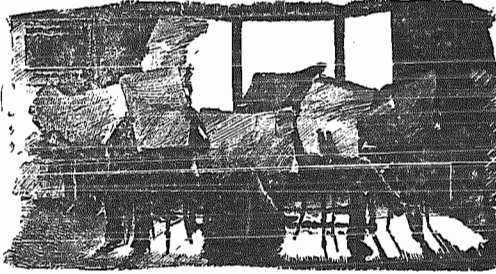
## THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

### WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

94 Hunters.

Capt. Gibson, London	189
Lieut. Yeomanus, Brantford	150
Sergt. Yeomanus, Brantford	150
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	124
Capt. Holman, Chatham	120
Lieut. Turner, Leamington	100
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	109
Ensign Green, Windsor	90
Capt. Heister, Stratford	85
Mrs. Downs, St. Thomas	83
Mrs. Richards	80
Capt. Green, Windsor	80
Capt. Williams, Galt	80
Lieut. Knuckie, Galt	80
Corps-Cadet Clark, St. Thomas	75
Alma Wright, Ingersoll	73
Capt. Ringler, Simcoe	72
Capt. Fyfe, Sarnia	70
Capt. Hollett, Wingham	70
Mrs. Britton, Stratford	68
Sister McDougall, Goderich	65
Lieut. Smith, Goderich	62
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	60
Capt. Howcroft, Strathroy	60
Lieut. Edwards, Strathroy	60
Capt. Campbell, Paris	55
Ensign Wakefield, London	55
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg	52
Sister Foster, Petrolia	52
Lieut. Penney, Berlin	50
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	50
Lieut. Sticklels, Sarnia	50
Sergt. Palmer, London	40
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Senfthorpe	40
Lieut. Groombridge, Clinton	43
Capt. McCutcheon, Guelph	42
Lieut. Malsey, Hespeler	42
Lieut. Greenwood, Berlin	40
Sister Schuster, Berlin	40
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	40
Mrs. Harris, London	40
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg	40

Capt. Hoekin, Tilsonburg	40
Treas. Mrs. Rose, Chatham	38
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	38
Cadet-Lieut. Allen, Guelph	38
Mother Cutting, Essex	37
Lieut. Plant, Bayfield	36
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Mrs. Donnelly, Palmerston	35
Capt. Huntingdon, Essex	35
Mrs. Glover, Dresden	32
Mrs. Cline-Smith, Dresden	32
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	31
Sister Baxter, Petrolia	31
Capt. Brooks, Thedford	30
Capt. Dowell, Senfthorpe	30
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	30
Lieut. Crawford, Norwich	30
Capt. Hancock, Ingersoll	28
Capt. Cox, Goderich	27
Capt. Harman, Ingersoll	27
Sister Garrison, Petrolia	27
Capt. Wiseman, Listowel	25
Sister Butler, Wyoming	25
Sergt. Dearing, Hespeler	25
Capt. Jarvis, Berlin	25
Sister Wakefield, Forest	25
Marshall Beun, Wallaceburg	25
Capt. Thompson, Bothwell	25
Mrs. Mellroy, St. Thomas	24
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	24
Ensign Gamgane, Chatham	23
Lieut. Cook, Ridgeway	23
Capt. White, Berlin	23
Mrs. Major Cooper, Hespeler	23
Lieut. McLennan, Newmarket	44
Sergt. Trafion, Temple	40
Cadet McNeil, Temple	40
Lieut. Phillips, Midland	40
Adj. DesBrisay, Barrie	40
Lieut. Cardwardine, Bowmanville	39
Capt. Nyland, Brampton	37
Lieut. Sticklels, Parry Sound	37
Capt. Hurd, Parry Sound	37
Lieut. Leggett, Riverside	36
Capt. Poole, Chesley	35
Lieut. Christopher, Little Current	35
Capt. Calbert, Little Current	35
Lieut. Marshall, Lebridge	35
Capt. Dales, Midland	35
Bro. Dixon, Temple	35
Sergt. Stephens, St. Catharines	33
Capt. Fisher, North Bay	31
Cand. Smith, Midland	30
Capt. Capper, Khamout	30
Capt. Tricker, Orangeville	30
Capt. Sherwin, Orillia	30
Lieut. Gravett, Orillia	30
Capt. Connors, Dundas	30
Lieut. Peacock, Dundas	28
Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	28
Sister Matheson, Lippincott St.	28
Lieut. Liddard, Aurora	27
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	27
Mamie McCarney, Riverside	27
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	25
Sergt. Currie, Temple	25
Sister Mrs. Bradley, Temple	25
Capt. Kivell, Lippincott St.	25
Capt. Wilson, Lippincott St.	25
Treas. Evelyn, Oshawa	25
Capt. Howcroft, Fenelon Falls	25
Sergt. Slater, Fenelon Falls	25
Sister Lightheart, Hamilton I.	25
Mrs. Brown, Hamilton I.	25
M. S. Boyer, Bracebridge	25
Sister Rowerman, Newmarket	25
Lieut. McGregor, Orangeville	24
Ensign Howell, Riverside	24
Capt. Liston, Oshawa	23
Capt. McDonald, Temple	22
Capt. Charlton, North Bay	22
Sister Gilbert, Temple	20



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### EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

79 Hunters.

Lieut. McEwan, Ottawa	150
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	150
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Picton	125
Capt. O'Neill, St. Albans	105
Lieut. O'Neill, St. Albans	105
P. S. M. McGee, Kingston	100
Mrs. Adj. Kendall, Kingston	100
Ensign Ottaway, Ottawa	98
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	98
Capt. A. Crego, Cobourg	86
Capt. Fitcher, Morrisburg	85
Mrs. Capt. Sturges, Lanark	81
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	80
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	78
Capt. Wilson, Ampror	73
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	70
Capt. Jones, Burlington	70
Ensign Yereb, Brockville	70
Capt. Woods, Pembroke	70
Capt. Grose, Prescott	60
Capt. Carter, Belleville	60
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	60
Sergt. Raymond, Barre	60
Sergt. Hippen, Barre	52
Lieut. Hoole, Port Hope	50
Capt. Comstock, Port Hope	50
Sergt. Shaver, Montreal I.	50
P. S. M. McGee, Ampror	50
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	50
Lieut. Thilly, Brockville	47

### CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

84 Hunters.

Lieut. Parker, Hamilton I.	150
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines	100
Sister Howcock, Lippincott St.	85
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	75
Capt. Clark, Owen Sound	60
Lieut. Bond, Owen Sound	60
Lieut. Porter, Barrie	60
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	60
Capt. Brant, Omence	55
Ensign Hyde, Lindsay	55
Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	50
Lieut. Bushey, Richmond St.	50
Lieut. Lamb, Fenelon Falls	50
Mrs. Moore, Yorkville	50
Lieut. Marskell, Peversham	50
Capt. Barker, Menford	50
Capt. Renale, Sudbury	50
Lieut. Pattenden, Sudbury	50
Capt. Craig, Hamilton	50
Capt. McCann, Collingwood	48
Lieut. Patterson, Collingwood	48
Capt. Lott, Collingwood	40
Lieut. Bone, Bracebridge	40
Capt. White, Riverside	45

## EAST vs. WEST.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

35 Hunters.

Cadet Cook, Winnipeg	174
Capt. Wick, Edmonton	105
Sergt. Major Curtis, Rat Portage	85
Cadet Landon, Rat Portage	85
Ensign Taylor, Calgary	75
Cadet Meron, Rat Portage	75
Lieut. Gamble, Medicine Hat	65
Mrs. Adj. McLaughlin, Winnipeg	61
Adj. Bradley, Portage la Prairie	50
Capt. Stokes, Moose Jaw	45
Capt. Harcourt, Port Arthur	47
Capt. Livingstone, Prince Albert	45
Capt. Gamble, Dauphin	45
Capt. Cromarty, Selkirk	45
Lieut. Melroe, Port William	44
Lieut. Cusler, Regina	40
Capt. Charlton, Calgary	40
Lieut. Potter, Lethbridge	40
Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge	40
Sergt. Irwin, Carman	40
Lieut. Quint, Portage la Prairie	35
Ensign Hayes, Port Arthur	31
Capt. Hall, Calgary	31
Capt. Hanson, Minot	31
Capt. Fell, Grafton	30
Lieut. Auiler, Minot	30
Cadet Price, Winnipeg	28
Sergt. Mrs. Burrows, Minot	27
Capt. McKay, Port Arthur	27
Uncle Dan Reece, Neepawa	25
Capt. Mercer, Moosomin	23
Capt. Kenzie, Emerson	21
Cadet Oxerider, Rat Portage	20
Lieut. Cook, Grafton	20
Capt. Askin, Hannah	20

### PACIFIC PROVINCE.

30 Hunters.

Sister Mrs. Hawkins, Great Falls	129
Capt. Ziebarth, Butte	125
Sergt. Glen, Butte	125
Capt. Krall, Vancouver	85
Adj. Stevens, Rossland	80
Sergt. Galt, Revelstoke	80
Sister McDougall, Helena	73
Lieut. Boyer, Kalispell	65
Capt. Fisher, Missoula	62
Capt. Miller, New Wheaton	60
Capt. Scott, Victoria	60
Sister W. Taylor, Victoria	60
Sergt. Moody, Vancouver	58
Sarah Bailey, Port Essington	50
Capt. Perrenoud, Kamloops	50
Capt. Lebrun, Spokane	50
Sister Ann Lewis, Victoria	50
Sister K. Leppa, Kelowna	50
Sister Knudson, Helena	38
Capt. Nesbitt, Missoula	35
Bro. Preston, Spokane	35
Sister Thomas, Spokane	32
Capt. Thoen, Rossland	30
Sister Little, Victoria	20